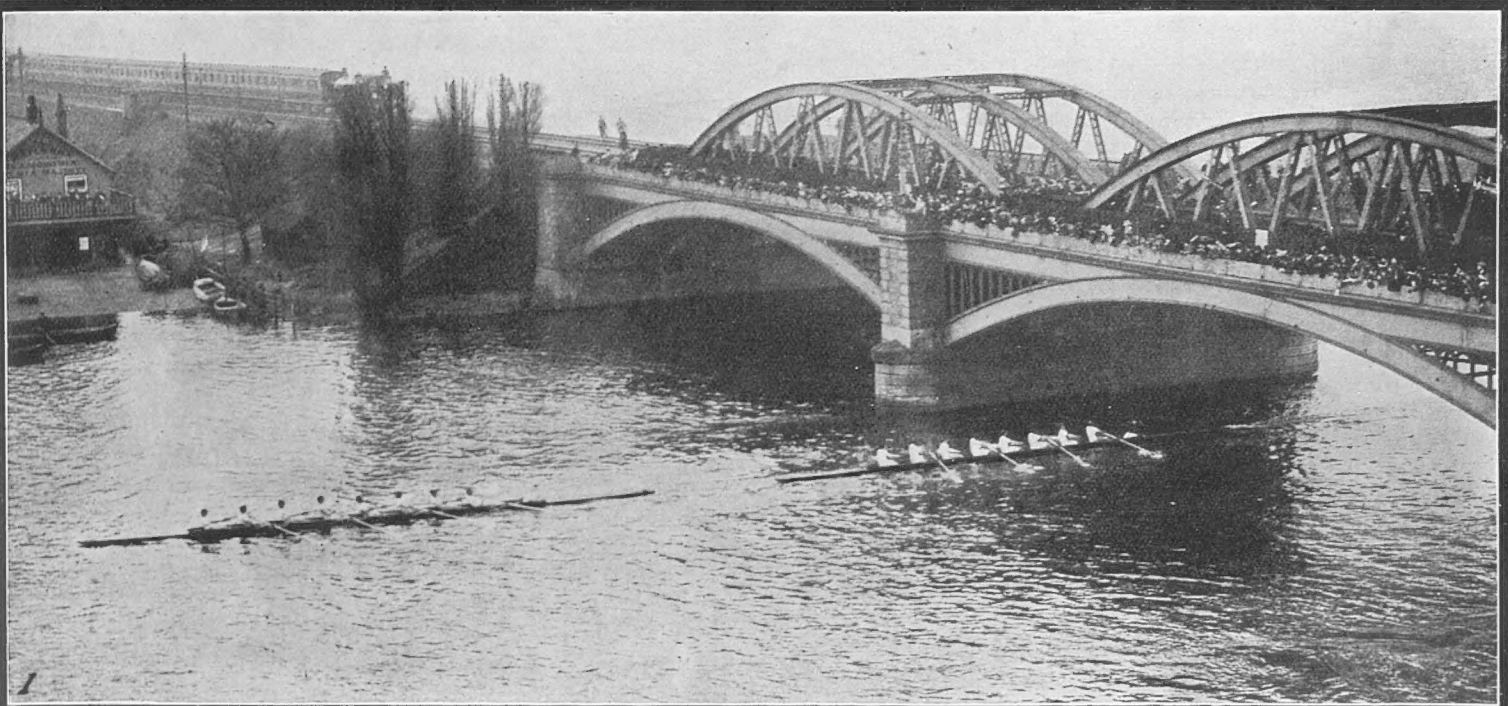


The Sketch

No. 1051.—Vol. LXXXI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1913.

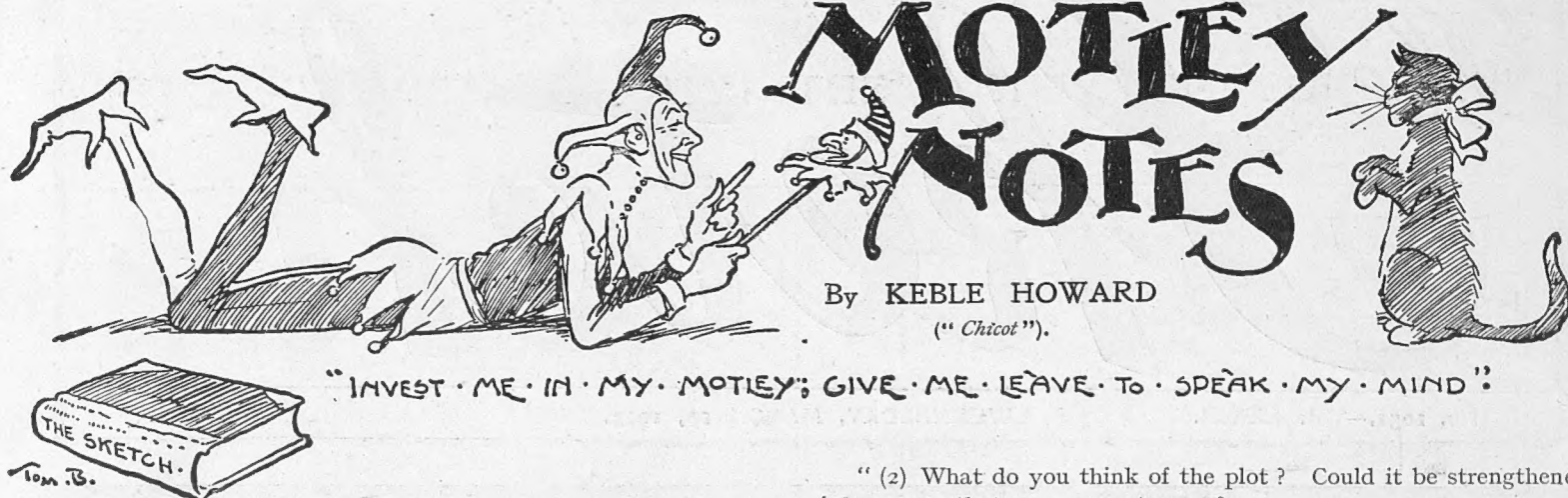
SIXPENCE.



1. AT THAT POINT OF THE COURSE THE CREW LEADING AT WHICH HAS ONLY BEEN BEATEN ON FOUR OCCASIONS IN THE HISTORY OF THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE; OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE LEAVING BARNES BRIDGE—CAMBRIDGE LEADING.

2. SMOKING HARD; THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD THE "CONSUTA," FOR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE, WITH THE OXFORD COACHES.

The Inter-University Boat-Race of March 13 was a remarkable contest. Cambridge led until about a furlong from the finish, but eventually Oxford won, by three-quarters of a length, in 20 min. 53 sec. Cambridge's rowing was very much to the crew's credit, for two of the men in the boat had only been rowing in it for a bare ten days, and another was by no means well. The race was also extraordinary in that only on three previous occasions has the contest been won by a crew which was not leading at Barnes Bridge, and in each of these cases the win was chiefly accounted for by adverse wind affecting the better crew on the outside station round Chiswick. Oxford was stroked by E. D. Horsfall; Cambridge by G. E. Tower.—[Photographs by Topical and Illustrations Bureau.]



The Morning Post.

Somebody said the other day—it may have been myself—that one's mental attitude towards the postman was one of the real tests of age. Whilst you looked forward to the arrival of the postman, so long as the sight of his peaked cap and uniform coming up the garden-path gave you a pleasant thrill of anticipation, you were still young. When you found yourself, however, dreading the arrival of the postman, when you were glad and relieved to hear him pass the house, then you were undoubtedly getting old.

If this is true—and the more I think it over the surer I feel that I said it myself—I must still be extremely young. I have a foolish and irrational joy in the coming of the postman. I feel hurt and slighted if he passes the house without stopping. I give him a nasty look from the window that should send a cold shiver down his back.

And yet, why should one take this delight in the receiving of letters? How often do you get a letter, friend the reader, which leaves you delighted after you have read it? Mind you, I have no desire to be pessimistic on the subject. George Gissing, writing in his jolly, breezy way, has said this of the morning letter-bag: "What proportion of the letters delivered any morning would be found to be written in displeasure, in petulance, in wrath? The post-bag shrieks insults or bursts with suppressed malice."

That excess of bitterness, I am afraid, makes me laugh, and yet it is true that the pleasure of receiving letters is based, really, on Hope.

Here are a few letters selected at random from my budget this morning—

I.

"SIR,—It happens to most people at some time or another to be in need of ready cash. We beg to inform you that we are prepared to advance any sum from £10 to £10,000 upon no further security than your note of hand. Our business is conducted with the utmost secrecy, and we have the honour to number among our clients some of the highest in the land. You have only to indicate the amount of money you may be requiring at the present moment, and we shall be only too happy to place it instantly at your disposal."

Of course, it is a very delightful notion. What could be more charming than this offer? Here is a man, entirely unknown to me, and, I presume, knowing nothing more about me than my name and address, actually prepared to advance me any sum from £10 to £10,000! And yet such letters bring me no real joy. I fling them into the waste-paper basket unread. I can almost tell the contents from the exterior of the envelope. One day, perhaps, I may leap at the chance. Just at present, somehow or another, I cannot imagine myself being tempted to accept this gentleman's money. No; that is not the sort of letter that justifies my love for the postman's uniform.

II.

"DEAR SIR,—I read with very great interest your article in the *Holborn Monthly* on the writing of novels. I am a bricklayer, twenty-four years of age, and almost entirely self-educated. I have always had an intense love for literature, especially fiction, and I may add that Dickens, Miss Susan Smith, and yourself are my favourite authors.

"Well, Sir, for the past three years I have been engaged on writing a novel, and I am encouraged by your article to send it to you for your perusal. You will receive it, registered, under separate cover. It is not typewritten, as my means, unfortunately, will not run to this expense, but I am sure you will pardon that omission. The length is about 200,000 words. I shall be greatly obliged if you will read it carefully and return it to me with your answers to the following questions—

"(1) Is there any real future for me as a writer of novels?

"(2) What do you think of the plot? Could it be strengthened in any way that may occur to you?

"(3) Is the subject dealt with in Chapter XVII.—that of universal suicide at the age of fifty—one that is likely to appeal to the vast majority of the novel-reading public?

"(4) How should I set about getting my novel published?

"(5) Which firm of publishers in London do you consider the best?

"(6) What sum should I demand for my novel?

"(7) Would you consider an offer to dramatise my novel? If so, what would you be prepared to pay me for the privilege of doing so?

"I need hardly say that any other information you care to give me, which you think I ought to have, I shall greatly esteem."

That, too, is a nice letter, but the joy of receiving it is mingled with the sense of responsibility. The novel may be lost in the post; in that case, I shall never be forgiven. I may not have time to read and advise upon it; let me hasten to state that *I am sure* I shall not have time to read and advise upon it. This will lose me a friend and gain me an enemy. Well, let us pass on in our quest for the secret of the post-bag's charm.

III.

"DEAR SIR,—Re our account. This has been outstanding for some time, and we must call your attention to the fact that we are a small firm and cannot afford to give long credit. Our terms are estimated on a cash basis, and we must therefore press for immediate settlement. Failing the receipt of your cheque by return, we shall have no other course open to us than to place the matter in the hands of our solicitors.

"Awaiting your further esteemed favours."

This letter is interesting from a literary point of view. You will no doubt have traced the growing impatience of the writer. Starting with a pleasant touch of pathos, he concludes with a definite threat. The matter shall have my attention. At the same time, this is not the letter, I feel sure, of which we are in search.

IV.

"DEAR SIR,—A Bazaar is shortly being held in this parish for the raising of funds to restore the north-east pinnacle of our fine old Norman tower. A prominent feature of the Bazaar will be a Bookstall, presided over by my daughter, who has herself contributed light verse and essays to certain local periodicals. My object in writing is to ask you to be good enough to send us a set of your works for sale at this Stall. I am writing to a great many other authors, and we have already received a definite promise of help from Miss Emily Jones, who, I am glad to say, resides in this village.

"Trusting that you will see your way to comply with this humble request."

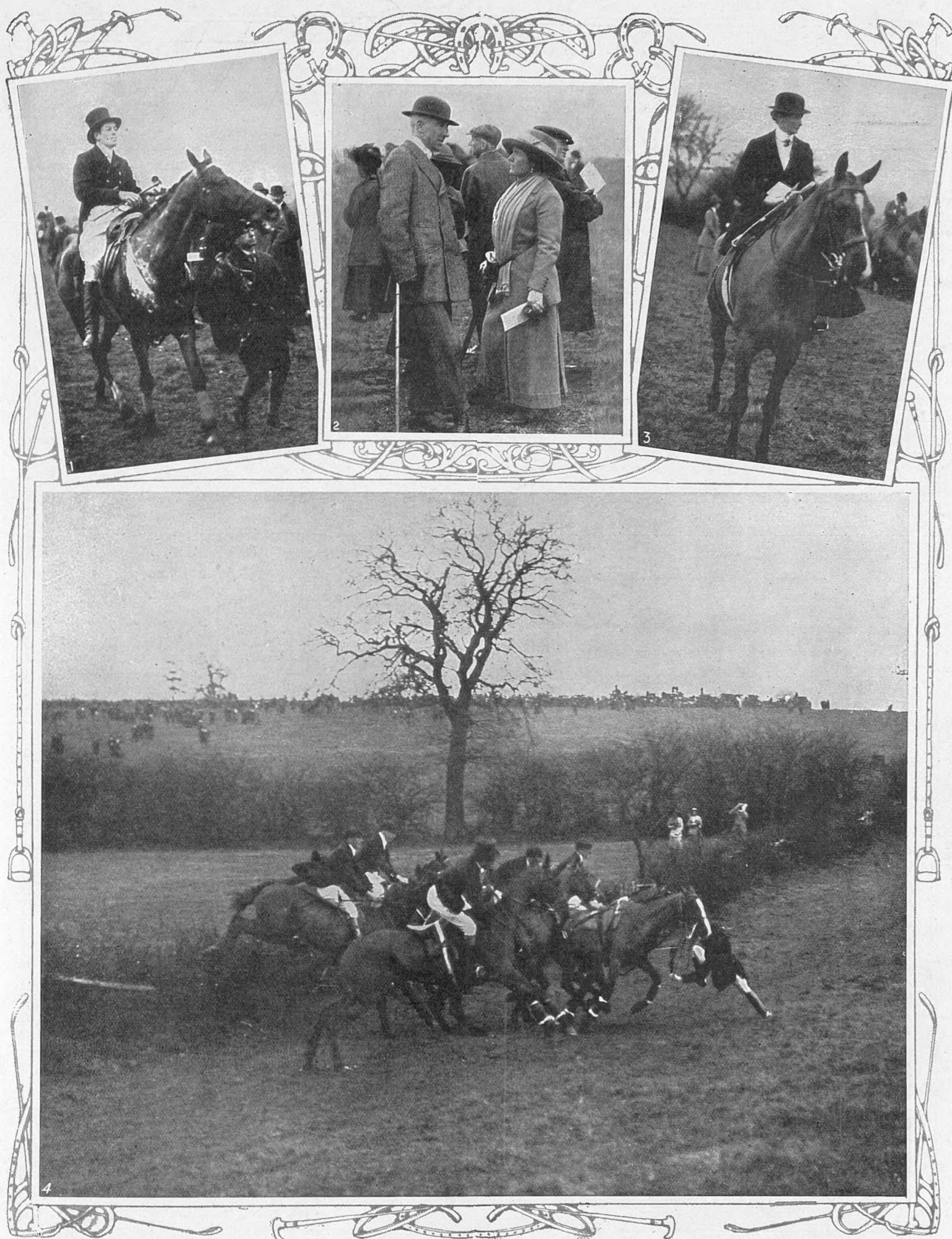
Here indeed is flattery. And yet—stay a moment. The gentleman is writing to "a great many other authors." I must not be unduly puffed up. In point of fact, he wants a great many books for nothing. In common with the majority of the public, he believes that authors have merely to send a postcard to their publisher, and the publisher will at once rain down on them any number of gratis copies. Sweet delusion

V.

"SIR,—Three weeks ago I sent you a play in five acts, with the request that you would read it without delay. I am quite at a loss to understand your silence, and must inform you that unless I hear from you (or receive the play back) by return of post, I shall—"

Stop! A familiar footfall on the pathway! Hurrah!! The second post!!!

NEAR BILLEDON: MR. FERNIE'S HUNT POINT-TO-POINTS.



1. WINNER OF THE UNITED HUNTS' CUP: MR. F. AMBROSE CLARK ON HIS FLORAL ARTIST.

2. MR. STEWART AND MRS. CHAPLIN.

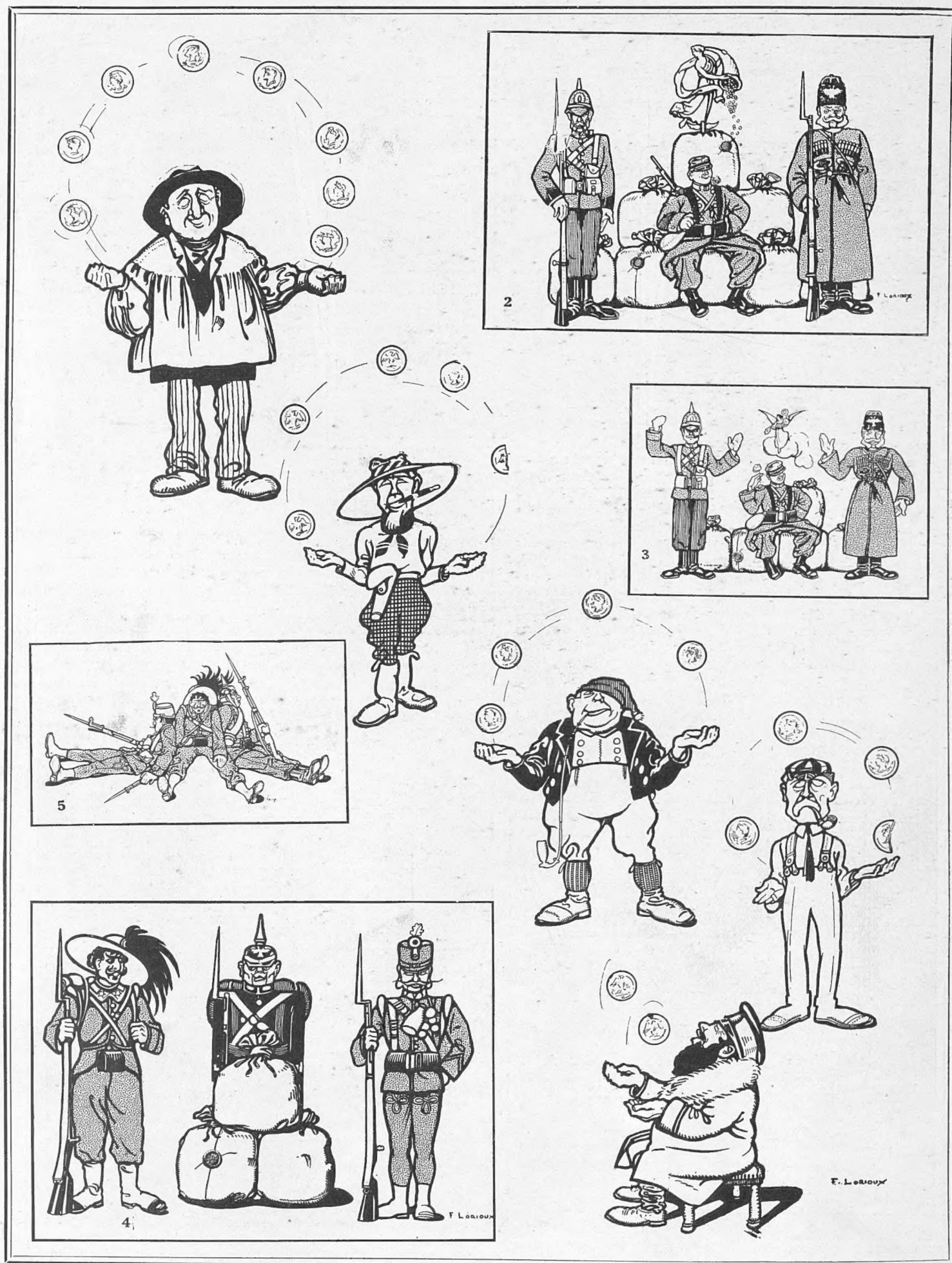
3. WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE HUNT: MRS. C. W. B. FERNIE.

4. A SPILL: MR. F. AMBROSE CLARK, ON MR. F. S. VON STADE'S HANDRAP, FALLS AT THE THIRD FENCE IN MR. FERNIE'S HUNT CUP.

Mr. Fernie's Hunt Point-to-Point Races were held the other day at Tamborough Hill, Billesdon. The United Hunts' Cup was open to horses the property of members of, or subscribers to, Mr. Fernie's, the Atherstone, the Quorn, Cottesmore, Pytchley, and Woodland Pytchley. The programme included, in addition to Mr. Fernie's Hunt Cup, the United Hunt Cup, a Farmers' Race, and the Brigade of Guards Inter-Regimental Team Race, in which the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots, and Irish Guards took part.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.

THE EXHAUSTION TEST: THE MONEY OF POWERS!

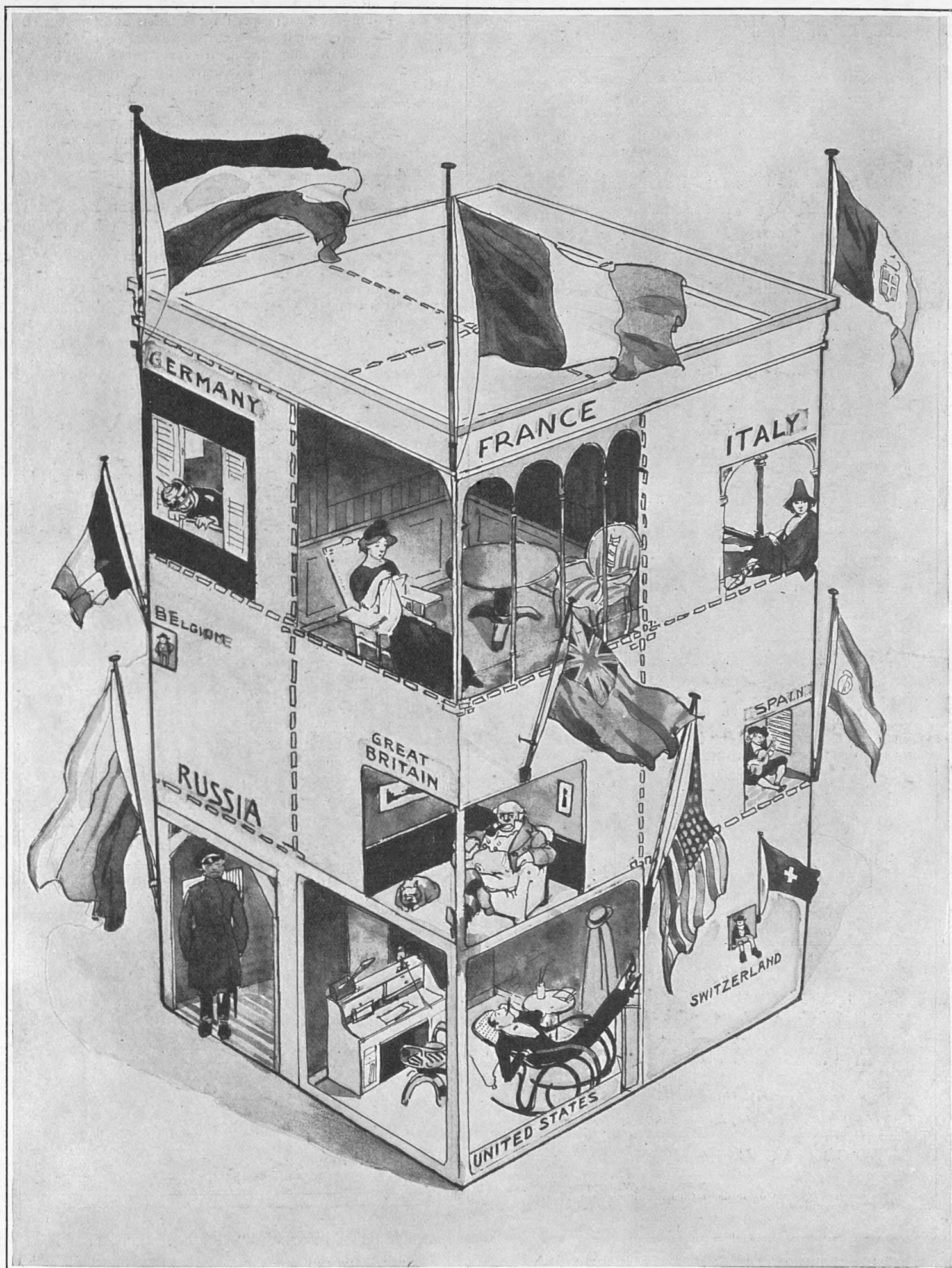


1. THE EIGHT LOUIS (£6 8s.) WITH WHICH THE NORMANDY FARMER IS SEEN JUGGLING REPRESENT THE AVERAGE AMOUNT OF GOLD POSSESSED BY EACH FRENCHMAN. EACH INHABITANT OF THE UNITED STATES HAS $4\frac{1}{2}$ LOUIS (£3 12s.); EACH GERMAN, ABOUT 4 (£3 4s.); EACH BRITON, ABOUT 3 (£2 8s.); EACH RUSSIAN, LESS THAN 2.
2. BEFORE WAR: THE TRIPLE ENTENTE (BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND RUSSIA) HAVE, BANKED, ABOUT 8 MILLIARD FRANCS IN GOLD (£320,000,000).

3. AFTER A MONTH OF WAR, COSTING 3 MILLIARD FRANCS (£120,000,000), THE TRIPLE ENTENTE WOULD STILL HAVE 5 MILLIARDS.
4. BEFORE WAR: THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE (ITALY, GERMANY, AND AUSTRIA-HUNGARY) HAVE, BANKED, LITTLE MORE THAN 3 MILLIARD FRANCS.
5. AFTER A MONTH OF WAR, COSTING 3 MILLIARD FRANCS, THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE WOULD BE PENNILESS.

There is so much discussion as to the cost of war—and of armed peace—that the diagrams given on this page and the next, which are from a French paper, should be of special interest just now.

WILL WAR PULL IT DOWN? "CASH LODGE."



THE HOUSE OF GOLD: TENANTS AND THEIR SHARE IN IT.

With her six-and-a-half milliard francs (£260,000,000), France possesses a twelfth part of the world's gold. The United States owns nearly as much. Then come Russia (four-and-a-half milliards—£180,000,000), Germany (four-and-a-half milliards), Britain (over two milliards—over £80,000,000), and Italy (over a milliard). It may be noted here that the proposed German tax on property for military purposes will, it is estimated, mean that the German Emperor personally will have to pay on a private fortune of £7,400,000; the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, on £3,000,000; Frau Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, on £14,150,000; Prince Henckel-Donnersmarck, on £12,700,000; Baron Goldschmidt-Rothschild, of Frankfort, on £8,150,000; and the Duke of Ujest, on £7,700,000.

GARRICK. ARTHUR BOURCHIER
will produce TO-MORROW (Thursday), March 20, at 8,
THE GREATEST WISH,
A Comedy by E. Temple Thurston,
adapted by him from his novel, "The Greatest Wish in the World."
FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, March 22, at 2.30.
SPECIAL MATINEE on EASTER MONDAY, at 2.30

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
EASTER MONDAY, and Every Evening.
Reappearance of HERBERT TREE
in conjunction with NORMAN MCKINNEL and PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY
in THE HAPPY ISLAND.
By James B. Fagan. From the Hungarian of Melchior Lengyel.

ST. JAMES'S. SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER
and MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, EVERY EVENING at 8.40 in
A New Play entitled
OPEN WINDOWS. By A. E. W. MASON.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

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The Up-to-the-Minute Revue. LYDIA KYASHT in THE REAPER'S DREAM.
Conrad and Whidden, and Specially Selected Varieties.
Evenings at 8. Manager, Arthur Aldin.

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MANAGING DIRECTOR. Always the best entertainment in London.
Admission 6d. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s.
THE PALLADIUM MINSTRELS, return at Easter for two weeks. Matinees only, daily at 2.30.

ROYAL ACADEMY, 1913. NOTICE.
THE BLACK-AND-WHITE GUIDE (22nd Yearly Issue) will be Published by
"The Graphic" on MAY 5. Artists desiring to be represented in this Guide are asked to
send Photographs and particulars of their Pictures as early as possible.
EDITOR, 14, King William Street, Strand, W.C.

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The latest creation of modern Hotels. All the latest luxuries.
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150 bath-rooms. Heated throughout. Billiard Room. Extensive grounds. Private lawn-tennis
courts. Glorious situation commanding superb view from every room.
R. C. ULLRICH, General Manager.

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			s. d.	s. d.
	BRIGHTON	...	14 0	7 0
	WORTHING	...	14 0	7 9
	LITTLEHAMPTON	...	15 0	8 3
	BOGNOR	...	16 6	8 9
	HAYLING ISLAND	...	17 6	9 6
	SOUTHSEA	...	19 0	9 6
	PORTSMOUTH	...	19 0	9 6
	ISLE OF WIGHT	...	21 6	11 0
	SEAFOED	...	14 0	7 9
	EASTBOURNE	...	14 0	8 0
	BEXHILL	...	14 0	8 0
	HASTINGS	...	14 0	8 0

* Not on Good Friday or Easter Sunday.
These Tickets will also be issued on March 20, 21, 22, and 23, available to return by any train
on any day except day of issue, up to and including Tuesday, March 25.
Cheap Excursion for 6, 8, 10 or 15 days to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight from London,
Thursday, March 20.
1-15 Day Excursion to DIEPPE, ROUEN, and PARIS, March 19 to 24. Excursions to
RIVIERA, ROME, MADRID, etc.
Day Excursions will be run on Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday.
BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES—DAILY—THE "SOUTHERN BELLE," Pullman
Express, leaves Victoria at 11 a.m. Single Ticket, 9s. 6d.; Day Return Ticket, 12s.,
returning at 5.45 p.m. on Week-days and 5 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. on Sundays and Good Friday.
EASTBOURNE IN 1½ HOURS by Pullman Limited, every Sunday, but not Good
Friday, from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. Returning at 5.15 p.m. Single Ticket, 11s. 6d.; Day Return
Ticket, 12s. 6d.
Details of Superintendent of Line, L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge.

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MEMBERS of the STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for
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A List of Members of the Stock Exchange who are Stock and Share Brokers may be seen
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Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London.

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Smooth **FOX TERRIERS**, **SCOTCH TERRIERS**, 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. Grovond,
Harrow. Tel. 423.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE Stage Society's last programme consisted of two pieces
by Arthur Schnitzler—one quite likely to be seen again. I
doubt whether the "Comtesse Mizzi" will be revived,
because, although quite amusing, it has a vein of cynical unmorality
which will never be accepted by English audiences. To a special
house its witty dialogue—neatly translated by Mr. Hertz—and
fine character-drawing made it very entertaining. We had an
admirable performance, particularly by Miss Margaret Bussé, Miss
Katherine Pole, and Mr. Robert Horton. "The Green Cockatoo,"
also by Schnitzler, author of the "Anatol" plays, is quite remark-
ably strong, and despite, or perhaps on account of, its curious length,
ought to be very valuable on some occasion: it is a one-act drama
that lasts about an hour and represents an episode at the beginning
of the French Revolution, in a style sometimes broadly comic, at
others, luridly melodramatic, and towards the end, grimly tragic.
The general law about not deceiving the audience is violated in it
several times, so cleverly that valuable effects are obtained by the
breaches. Why it is described as a "Grotesque," I do not know,
but that matters little. It is enough that we had real thrills and
laughter, shudders, and, for a moment or two, almost tears, and that
the whole work is upon a high plane as drama—is, indeed, some-
thing like a masterpiece. Mr. Norman Page has handled the large
company very ably. Clever individual pieces of acting were given
by Miss Caroline Bayley, Miss Violet Farebrother, and Messrs. Leon
Quartermaine, Claude Rains, Luke Forster, and Terence O'Brien.
The English version, by Miss Penelope Wheeler, is quite spirited and
natural in tone.

Mr. Louis Calvert published, about a year ago, an acting edition
of "Hamlet," with a preface which showed that he had very decided
views as to the way the hero should be played. Hamlet, he thinks,
was a strong, resolute man who lost his reason, knew that he was
mad, and, as an antidote, exaggerated the madness of his own
behaviour. There is much to be said for his theory, which has been
discussed before now; and the Pioneer Players have given him an
opportunity of putting it into action. One obvious comment on
the performance, which took place at the King's Hall, is that Mr.
Calvert is not physically a Hamlet, whatever view you take of the
character; but it was quite an interesting effort, though not cal-
culated to convince doubters. Its leading feature was a painful
doddering on the occasions when the Ghost appeared, and an ex-
aggeration of the scenes with Polonius, and Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern, particularly after the old man's murder; the rest
might well have been any Hamlet played by any able actor
somewhat unsuited to the part. But Mr. Calvert was, as was
announced, not in the best of health, and there can be nothing but
admiration for the way in which he bore what must have been a
tremendous strain. The other notable feature of the evening was
a wonderfully beautiful rendering of Ophelia by Miss Ellen O'Malley.
The excellent company included players like Mr. Fisher White and
Mr. Edmund Gwenn.

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By K. WALISZEWSKI. Royal 8vo, 15s. net.

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THE SPLENDID ISOLATION OF SPAIN—SOME LION AND TIGER STORIES.

A Spanish Entente.

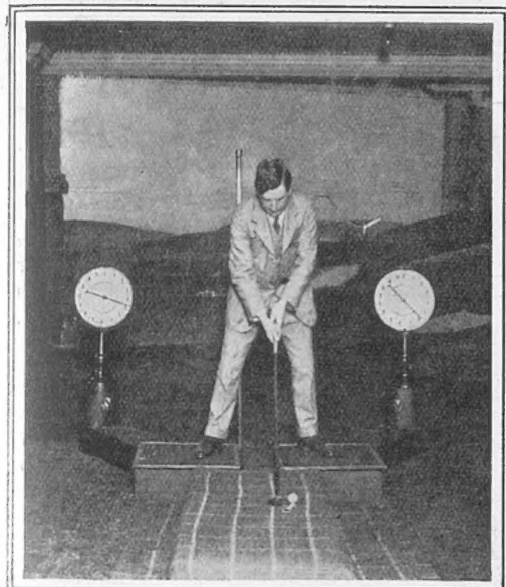
The visit of the British War Minister, Colonel Seely, to Spain has coincided with a movement in the Spanish Press towards an Entente between that country and England. Spain at present is in a state of splendid isolation, and those amongst the Spaniards who hope that their country may once again become a power in the Councils of Europe would like to see either the Triple Alliance or the Triple Entente enlarged by another adherent. The Queen of Spain was an English Princess, and England is commercially one

of Spain's best customers. A century ago, Englishmen were fighting shoulder to shoulder with Spaniards to oust the armies of Napoleon from the Peninsula, and therefore, from the point of view of sentiment, England and Spain ought to clasp hands. What especial gain could follow an Alliance, except in matters of commerce, it is not easy to see. England has no intention of exchanging

to me, the event happened somewhere in Bengal. The man-eater, unlike most man-eaters, was a very powerful tiger, and he knocked down and carried off his victim in full view of another officer who did little or nothing to help his friend. The man who had been carried off was, of course, given up as being dead, and the officers of his regiment were surprised when, a few nights later, as they sat at mess, "Tiger Tim," covered with blood and looking as though he had risen from the dead, walked into the mess-room. He had managed to do what Mr. Crawley tried to do—to thrust a weapon down the throat of the animal. He had killed his tiger instead of the tiger killing him, though it had mauled him terribly; and when he recovered from the loss of blood, he had made his way back to the station where his regiment was quartered.

An Astonishing Tiger Story.

The most astonishing tiger story I heard while I was in India was the tale of two young



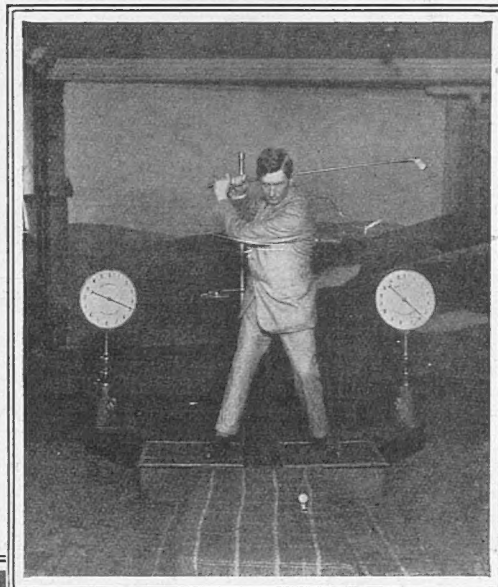
STANCE AND ADDRESS.

Gibraltar for Ceuta, and Spain could not relieve us in time of war of our obligations to help Belgium maintain her neutrality. The Spanish peasant and the Spanish man in the street care nothing about these things. If a British Entente could assure them of seeing a bull-fight every Thursday as well as every Sunday during the summer season, they might be enthusiastic concerning it.

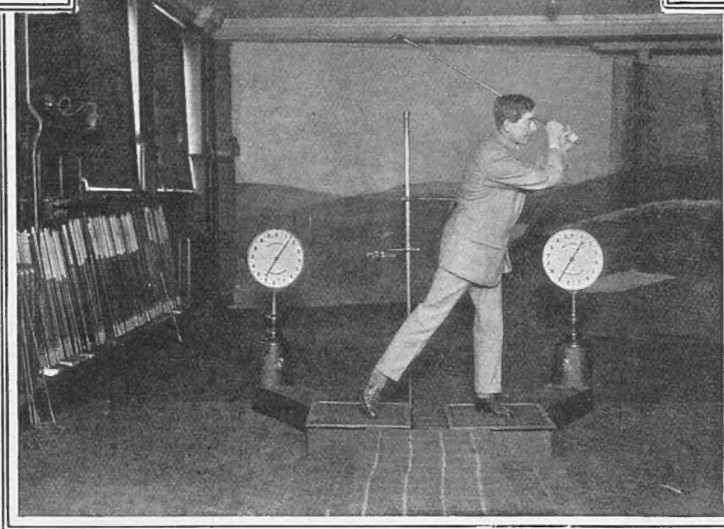
The Nairobi Lions.

Mr. Crawley, who was mauled by a lion near Nairobi, must have plenty of sound British pluck. Few men have nerve enough to kill a charging lion at close quarters with a Browning revolver; and to follow up a lion after being mauled by him shows tremendous command of nerve. Mr. Crawley is said to be recovering from his wounds, and it is quite likely that the starved condition in which the lions were accounts for his good recovery. When a lion has been feeding night after night on some carcass, his teeth carry the germs that so often set up blood-poisoning. But a lion in a state of starvation probably has perfectly clean teeth, and if the shock of the mauling does not kill a man, the wounds, under the circumstances, are likely to heal.

"Tiger Tim." There lived in the days of my grand-uncles, one of whom was an officer in John Company's army, a celebrity whose nickname was "Tiger Tim," and who was one of the few white men who have been carried off by a tiger and have come back to tell of their adventure. As the story was told



THE TOP OF THE SWING.



IS THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY CHIEFLY ON THE RIGHT LEG OR THE LEFT AT THE TOP OF THE SWING? A DEMONSTRATION—THE FINISH OF THE SWING.

A correspondent writes to us: "The famous golfers, Braid, Taylor, and Vardon, maintain that at the top of the swing the weight of the body is chiefly on the right leg. Mr. Vaile, the well-known author of 'Modern Golf,' 'The Soul of Golf,' &c., says they are wrong, and that at the top of the swing the weight is mainly on the left leg. To prove this, a unique weight-recording machine was made and exhibited the other day at the West-End School of Golf. J. Sherlock, the famous golfer, gave a demonstration on this, proving conclusively, it is asserted, that it is impossible, if the directions of the famous triumvirate are followed, to get the weight on the right leg at the top of the swing, and that it must go, as Mr. Vaile maintains, mainly on to the left. The proof of this is shown by the accompanying photographs of Sherlock, who was photographed in three positions—stance and address, top of swing, and finish of the stroke.—[Photographs by Topical.]

following it, found it dead. The old hands at the hotel dining-table sat with their mouths wide open until the spokesman of the gathering put the collective opinion shortly thus: "You are either the biggest liars or the biggest fools any of us have ever run up against." The two boys were not liars; the tiger had happened to come where a tiger had never been before. Some pellets of shot had gone through an eye into its brain, and the two young greenhorns had done what no other man had ever done before in the station—had killed a big tiger.

shop-assistants from Calcutta who were sent up into the hills to one of the smaller stations on the way to Darjeeling during the hot weather. There are tigers sometimes in the Indian hills, generally animals moving from one hunting-ground to another, and there are plenty of leopards, though the only signs of their presence are that any dog not following close on its master's heels when out for a walk vanishes silently and mysteriously. The two young shop-assistants, being greenhorns, on the day after their arrival went out to shoot anything they came across, their arms being a shot-gun and a Ghurka Kukhri. When they returned at dinner-time they said they had seen a tiger and had shot it, and they proceeded to give details—how a tiger had jumped into the path out of the jungle, had stopped and looked at them, how the man with the gun fired into its face, how the tiger leapt again into the jungle, and how they,



SMALL TALK

FOR the sake in most cases, but not all, of the Dukes, the Duchesses have refrained from militancy, and even from the milder manifestations of sympathy with the Women's Movement. The Duchess of Bedford's passive resistance in Knightsbridge is the first case of its kind. Since it was enacted under the very windows of the barracks, it was inevitable, perhaps, that her Grace, much to her amusement, has been treated to the old "anti" argument in regard to women's inability to bear arms. She puts most men to shame with the gun, and her fifty-seven birds with fifty-eight cartridges is probably a record for a woman. Her achievements are the more remarkable because she does not, as a rule, go in for covert-shooting and driven birds, but takes her chance of a mixed bag, and reminds her sisters at large that they "are not butchers but sportswomen."



SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS
IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:
THE HON. F. McLAREN.

Mr. Francis McLaren, the second son of Lord Aberconway and a grand-nephew of John Bright, has been M.P. (R.) for the Holland or Spalding Division of Lincolnshire since 1910. In 1911, he married Miss Barbara Jekyll.

Photograph by Jepson.

vote. The Duke himself, if he is not a supporter of all the claims put forward by the W.S.P.U., is an ardent supporter of Votes for a Woman. But the Duchess, of course, does not claim her rights on the strength of sportswomanship. She is a taxpayer, and refuses to swallow the platform bunkum of "no taxation without representation" in silence. Indirectly her sister-in-law, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, works in the same direction. Her plea for the employment of educated women in female convict prisons, in order that prisoners may come out rather better instead of rather worse than they went in, is the result of many years' work as a visitor at a penal institution.

Rights of Duchesses!

Nobody who has seen the Duchess of Bedford land a 20-pound salmon would deny her ability to cast her

from house-agents all over the land, with particulars about advantageous "bijous" at their disposal. That experience makes it indiscreet, perhaps, to add here that the Duchess actually is now looking round for a town house, and that her eyes turn most longingly towards Chelsea and a possible garden.

Destiny in a Domino.

The Duchess of Manchester dances when the spirit moves her; and her friends (if there is not time to print a card) are bidden to Grosvenor Square by telephone. But last week there was some little preparation for her delightful ball; fancy-dresses had to be devised and stitched before the day; and the assembly had nothing of the look of being fitted on the spur of the moment. It was at a fancy-dress ball in New York

that the Duchess and the Duke first met, and, through their disguises, recognised their destinies.

The New Attica.

Probably its owner would not exchange Derby House in Stratford Place for anything that Rome could offer. It is doubtful if even the run of the Vatican would tempt Lord Derby to leave the residence of his choice. But for Lady Rennell Rodd the Eternal City means more than the West End, and she is anxious to sell her London house, which is under the wing of Lord Derby's. She and Sir Rennell lately decided to build a villa outside the walls of Rome, so that when they leave the Embassy it does not necessarily mean that they leave Italy. Both the Embassy, with its old gardens running towards the Porta Pia and the site of their choice, *fuori le mura*, stand higher in their affections than Stratford Place, which, however, bears marks of having once engaged Lady Rennell Rodd's attention. It has a kitchen, for instance, at the top of the house!



GIVER OF A DANCE FOR
HER COUSIN, MISS VIOLET
JARDINE: MRS. SANDYS, WIFE
OF MR. G. J. SANDYS, M.P.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



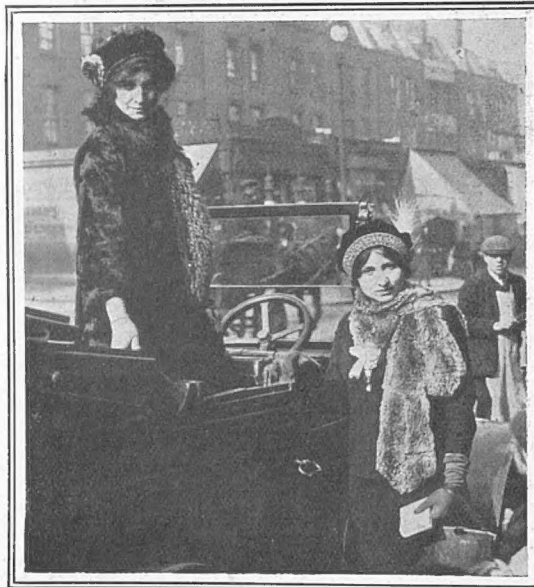
WEARING A FINE ERMINE CLOAK: THE
QUEEN ARRIVING AT THE HOUSES OF
PARLIAMENT FOR THE STATE OPENING.
Parliament was prorogued on the Friday and re-opened by the King in person on the Monday. It was noted as an exceptional fact that when their Majesties entered the House of Lords the Queen was on the King's right.

Photograph by L.N.A.

The Duchess Adeline has passed through the gates more often than the most confirmed and convicted militant.

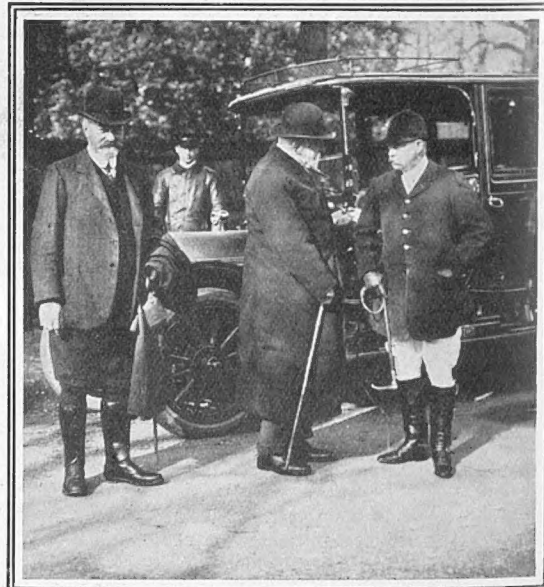
The Romantic Middle Ages.

The Duchess of Sutherland has now and again to assert in public that she is "middle-aged," if only to try to persuade herself and other people that such is the fact. One must manage to justify the honest calendar if the mirror every morning gives it the persistent lie. The Duchess is not deterred from making delightful and pointed little platform confidences by the punishments she has brought on herself in the past. Not long ago she illustrated the discontent natural to man by saying that some people wanted a palace, but she a cottage. Whereafter, every post brought her flocks of letters



FIGHTING FOR VISCOUNT WINDSOR, ELECTED AN L.C. COUNCILLOR FOR WEST ST. PANCRA'S: THE COUNTESS OF PLYMOUTH AND LADY PHYLIS WINDSOR-CLIVE. At the recent L.C.C. elections, Viscount Windsor, elder son of the Earl of Plymouth, gained a seat for the Municipal Reformers. He was born in 1889. Before her marriage, in 1883, Lady Plymouth was Miss Alberta Victoria Berkeley Paget, and she is the daughter of the late Rt. Hon. Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget, P.C., G.C.B. Her only daughter, Lady Phyllis Windsor-Clive, was born in 1886.

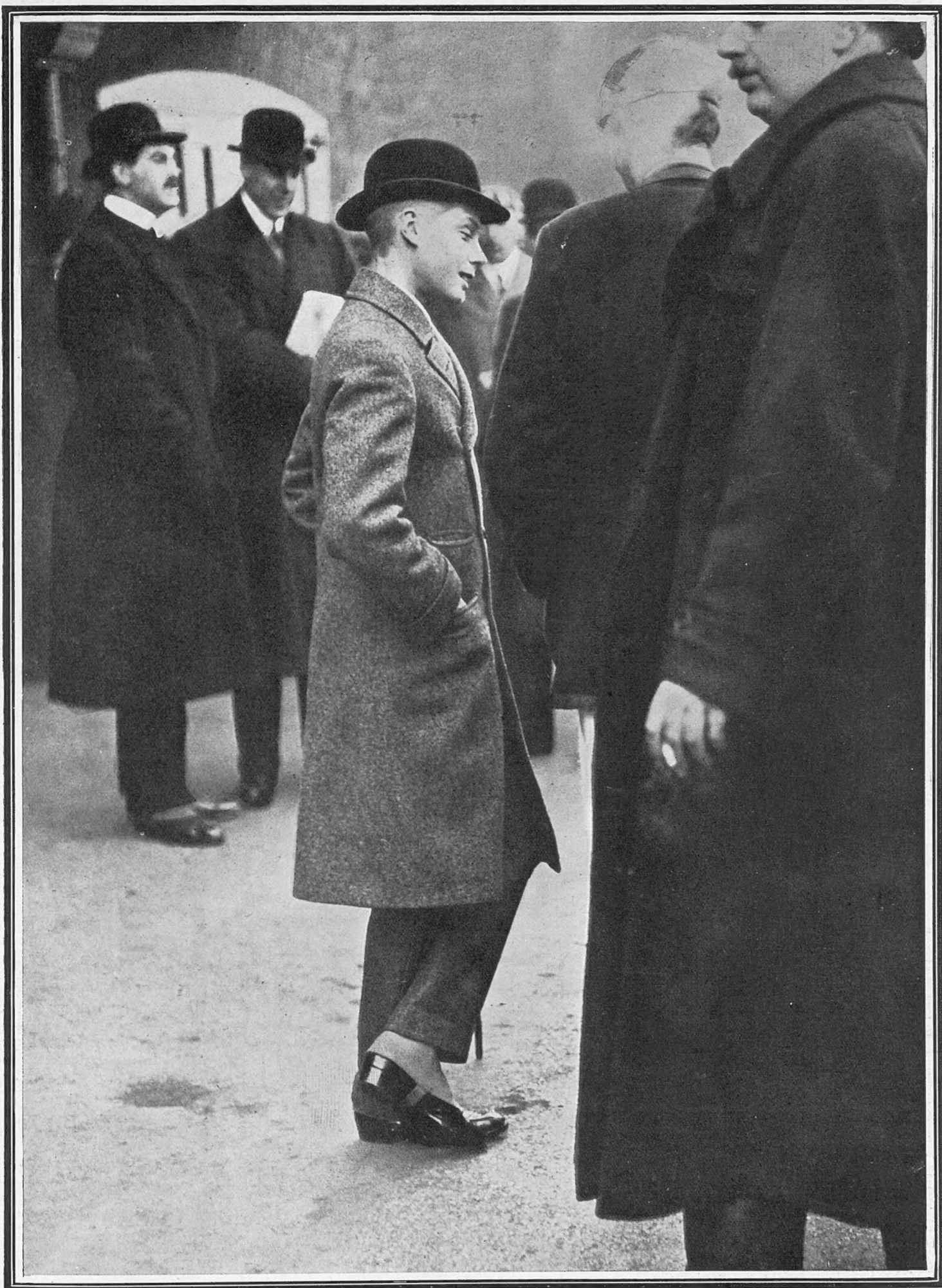
Photograph by L.N.A.



AT ONE OF THE TWO GARTH MEETS HELD EACH SEASON IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK: PRINCE CHRISTIAN AND MR. R. H. GOSLING, MASTER OF THE GARTH. Twice each season, by special permission of the King, the Garth meet in Windsor Great Park. Amongst those present the other day were Prince Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Alexander of Teck, Prince Frederick of Teck, and Princesses Helena and Mary of Teck. On the left of the photograph is Mr. Ware, the King's head keeper of Windsor Great Park.

Photograph by C.N.

OXFORD'S ROYAL UNDERGRADUATE AND THE BOAT-RACE.



AT PUTNEY: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES—WHO WAS DUE TO LEAVE LONDON FOR GERMANY ON MARCH 17.

Amongst the most interested spectators of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race was the Prince of Wales, who is, of course, an Oxford undergraduate. His Royal Highness, attended by Colonel the Hon. W. Cadogan and his tutor, Mr. Hansell, arrived at the London Rowing Club boat-house soon after half-past three, and stood talking to the Oxford crew until it was time for them to change. Shortly afterwards he accompanied the Oxford coaches aboard the "Consuta." It will be remembered that the Prince of Wales was due to leave London for Germany on the 17th, for his visit to Stuttgart as the guest of the King and Queen of Württemberg. The object of his stay is that he may have opportunity to "rub up" his German. As a personal guest of the King, he will not reside in the royal castle, which his Majesty only enters on State occasions, but will have apartments in the Wilhelm Palace, in which the King lives.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



BILLIARDS AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S: AND A MARIE TEMPEST PIECE.

A Handful of Billiards.

There are people who talk about the heavy losses of money on the stage. No wonder! Probably when giving figures they do not take into account the amount that is really thrown away. Consider "The Handful," for instance. In the first act we were shown a real full-size billiard-table, set half upon the stage and half "off," upon the O.P. side, and two young people, a hobbledehoy and a flapper, played upon it for the best part, or the worst part, of ten minutes, whilst they indulged in the preliminary conversation necessary for telling us some of the facts of the story. Part of the house enjoyed this business, for they could see the strokes, and since, apparently, neither of the parties is in the running for the amateur championship, there was a great deal of laughter at misses and flukes. Some of the audience, like myself on the O.P. side of the theatre, and, in fact, all in the earlier rows of the stalls, were unable to see the run of the balls and share in the laughter—hence, of course, a grievance; and all that was said during the game could have been uttered quite naturally by the young people if simply sitting on a couple of chairs. What a waste of money—and time, too, in removing the table during the first *entr'acte*! And what a brilliant dramatic invention! Perhaps we shall have the idea carried further. We may see a "green" upon the boards, and watch Sir George Alexander and his leading lady practising putting. And hop-scotch!



"MONOCLE" TURNS A GLASSY, CRITICAL EYE ON MISS MARIE TEMPEST'S TOES!

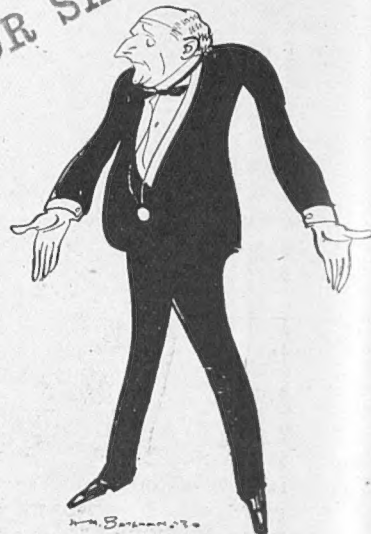
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

What fun to watch Sir Herbert and his company playing that glorious old national game! Cricket, football, hockey, and lacrosse would present difficulties. I almost regret that ping-pong is dead: how we should have enjoyed watching Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott ping-ponging! Moreover, if we had official intimation that the games had not been squared, we could enjoy an agreeable piece of gambling on the results. Indeed, why bother about the drama at all? Yet there is a danger: one ought not to put thoughts of billiards into the minds of the audience after the play begins, lest some of us, when a little bored, should slip away and do a hundred up, and give some justification to Miss Gertrude Kingston for her malevolent remarks about our alleged bad habit of running away before the piece is over—an allegation with little foundation: indeed, I often admire the heroic way in which we sit out dull plays, and think of the much-praised conduct of the Roman sentinel at the destruction of Pompeii.

A Handful of Tempest.

What about "The Handful," the new piece by Mr. W. G. Edwards? Well, it is a more or less typical Marie Tempest play, but beaten out thinner than most of them: in fact, length without breadth and breadth without depth. Just a superficial comedy about a sort of Peter Pan flapper who never grew up, who, at something past forty, still flapped about with Tom, Dick, and Harry, stole her daughter's admirers, and lived in a giddy whirl of so-called pleasure—quite virtuously. Perhaps in this fact lies the

explanation of the title: you might dine her and lunch her and take her here and there, and call her Lucy, but you got very little for your pains—in fact, you merely "got left." She might have granted you a handful, but never an armful, except, of course, at a dance. Her children struck, the daughter disgusted by the unfair competition: for in the opinion of Tom, Dick, and Harry, it was a case of *filia pulchra, mater pulchrior*. So mother trotted off to Devonshire, where she flapped with an old friend of her husband, and pretended to go in for the simple life, since he was a believer in that sort of thing. We saw her actually wearing a cap, and with sandals and digitated stockings, and doing a great deal in the way of making feet as well as eyes at him—in fact, carrying out the French phrase, *faire à l'œil avec le pied*, though not exactly in the ordinary manner, until some of us at last got tired of all this foot business, as well as of the immense amount of needless chatter in the piece, which suffers a bit from foot-and-mouth disease—a malady easily curable in this case; but the cure would not make much of a play out of "The Handful," for its real fault lies in the fact that its story is thin and somewhat unpleasing, and the character of the persistent flapper neither interesting nor attractive.



"SIR ARTHUR WETHERAL, K.C.," MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE. CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Some Criticism.

Yet Mr. Edwards is quite a clever man; his piece is almost as full of good things in dialogue as the plays of Mr. Maugham, and it shows a similar failure to eliminate the bad jokes, but does not exhibit Mr. Maugham's gifts for drawing characters that look solid, and working a good story into his comedies. There was a great deal of laughter at the lively phrases and the smart repartees, but the house kept asking itself from time to time what the author was driving at and what was going to happen next—without feeling any

feverish anxiety to know. The gift for writing clever dialogue has ruined more than one dramatist: experience tells us that after laughing during half an evening at a rather witty play an audience will grumble if it possesses no other serious quality. And the only other quality of "The Handful" is that it gives a typical Marie Tempest part to the leading actress, which she plays inimitably in her vastly popular style, without exhibiting any new aspect of talents that have not been often employed upon work quite worthy of them. Indeed, as a rule, the public goes to see Marie Tempest and not the play in which she is acting. Miss Margaret Bruhling, a name unfamiliar to most of us, jumped into favour promptly, thanks to a really clever performance as the daughter, and to her personal charm. Mr. Steff Macdonald, in the part of the heroine's son, also is a newcomer, and he showed considerable ability; Mr. C. V. France acted excellently as the easily inflammable misogynist; Mr. Graham Browne as Sir Arthur Wetheral, K.C., was compelled to be completely unlike any King's Counsel imaginable.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



FASCINATING THE MAN WITH DIGITATED BOOTS: MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS LADY WETHERAL, AND MR. CHARLES V. FRANCE AS RICHARD STERN.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE HANDFUL."

FOR SALE.



THE HANDFUL AND THE LITTLE HANDFULS: MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS LADY WETHERAL, MR. STEFF MACDONALD AS TOM WETHERAL, AND MISS MARGARET BRUHLING AS JOYCE WETHERAL.

"The Handful," a comedy in four acts, by William Gordon Edwards, is running at the Prince of Wales's.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

"A MOST superior person," says the versicle on Lord Curzon in "The Masque of Balliol." Neither in look nor manner has he been able to shake off the Oxford label. In all particulars is he a man who looks the thing, or the many things, he is and has been. Recollect in his presence that his father is Lord Scarsdale, Rector of Kedleston, in Derbyshire, and you can discover in him the look of the rectory. You see, too, the look of Eton, and still more the look of Balliol; you see the look of a President of the Union, and a dozen other presidencies seem to be seated on his brows. If it is at all true that he has the air of a family physician, it is because, again, he is the superior person who knows much more than it would be wise to divulge; were he really of Harley Street, he would assuredly be the amalgamated Presidents of the R.C.S. and the R.C.P.

A Man of the "Times." You guess at once that he is President of the Royal Geographical Society, that he has been twice round the world; that he has been wound up to the monastery at the top of Mount Athos in a cage, and you are right. It is to be surmised that he has been to the top of most high places, even from Balliol days, when his week-ends at Blenheim were the envy of his contemporaries. He is the Englishman who has travelled in the East and remained an Englishman, even to the extent of writing to the *Times* on his travels, as he did from Persia. He is, quite obviously, a man of the *Times*. That paper is the vehicle he chooses for communion with the world at large. If you happen not to read it, you snap a link with Lord Curzon.

The Lamplighter. Like his style as a special correspondent are his features—smooth and serious. There again is he the man he seems to be. The smoothness of his brow makes him not wholly unlike the youthful Buddhas in stone that sit unperturbed in his London quarters. Lord Curzon's collection is full of Buddhas. As a collector of Eastern wares he has few rivals in England. Who else has a necklace of human thigh-bones, a drum of skulls? Who else could present the Taj Mahal with a lamp worthy of acceptance by one of the most beautiful buildings in the world? He is, perhaps, the only Englishman who has lit a lamp that will burn for ever in an Eastern shrine. In that regard he affords an honourable contrast with the English officer who, hearing that a temple light had been unquenched for a thousand years, puffed it out.

The Edwardian Durbar. He is, in his own proper person, a whole House of Lords in the making, and is, besides, a child of the hereditary principle. The son of Baron Scarsdale, he has taken on fresh titles all through his career—a Barony (with special remainder to his daughter), a Viscounty (with special remainder to his father), and an Earldom; and he has been elected an Irish Representative Peer. In all things is he the representative of the classes, rather than the people. The pride of place he had in India came quite naturally; and his justification of the

Edwardian Durbar, and the cost of it in a year of famine, was full of appeals to Greece, to Rome, to tradition. It appealed, too, to the People and the Account-books, but they were not the essentials. Behind everything he said was the bolster of his own belief in the ceremonial that would do honour to the King and his Viceroy.

Rival Spectacles.

It is not to be supposed that the Eastern accepts the Englishman at an English valuation. The English Press was pleased when Lord Curzon made flowery speeches and rode on the tallest elephant of all in the Durbar. "He knows his people," said the Fleet Street journalist; "see, how he knows them!" But the Indian was saying something else: "We have derived much pleasure by the sight of Lord Curzon's elephant procession, and now we are hastening to see the English athlete Sandow place a weight of several maunds on his breast! We know not which is the greater spectacle."

That was the tone of the less friendly Indian, and Lord Curzon knew it. He knew India well enough to know that he was not a popular Viceroy; he knew better than the London papers, which with one accord (Liberal and Tory) were in an ecstasy at the extension of his term. His policy of "chaperoning the Indian Princes" was not acceptable.

"Chaperoning" and "Mafficking." The reported order that all Princes leaving India were to ask his permission was never issued, and probably never drafted; but the report of it showed that he was suspected of the "chaperoning" tendency in its acutest forms. The native was not alone in discovering it; the Civil Service spied it, the Army was certain of it. The Army rejoiced not at all at his supervision of military discipline, nor at his "down" on frontier wars. The honourable acquittal of an English officer court-martialled at his instance is a typical incident; but his courage in punishing an entire English regiment for violence committed on the day of its return from South Africa was admired by most responsible soldiers. "Mafficking" at the expense of a subject race offended his sense of honour.

An Interpretation. Jokes he neither makes nor takes. At a book-tea in Simla a lady appeared with the legend on her breast—

Lord and Lady Curzon,
Lord and Lady Northcote.

He asked the interpretation, and heard "American Wives and English Husbands." The thing was poor enough to be passed with a smile, even if it were a forced one. But Lord Curzon only explained that Lady Northcote was a Canadian! It was Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, who reported of him that "he was witty and full of humour, and we often laughed at his amusing stories." But Nasr-ed-Din, as it happens, knew no English, and Lord Curzon no Persian. One suspects the interpreter—or is the lack of humour in Lord Curzon's speeches a concession to the expectations of the Upper Chamber?



EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

George Nathaniel Curzon, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., F.R.S., first Earl Curzon of Kedleston, and a Representative Peer of Ireland, was born on Jan. 11, 1859, eldest son of Baron Scarsdale, Rector of Kedleston. He is an Eton and Balliol man; and is, of course, well known as an ex-Viceroy of India, a writer, politician, and traveller. At the Coronation of King George, he bore the Standard of the Empire of India. His father is heir-presumptive to the Viscounty of Scarsdale.—[Photograph by Hoppe.]

THE SOCIETY PHASE: THE NATIONAL HUNT, AT CHELTENHAM.



1. LORD RIBBLESDALE, THE EARL OF COVENTRY, AND MR. F. C. STERN.
 3. KING MANUEL OF PORTUGAL AND (ON THE LEFT) THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

2. QUEEN AMELIE OF PORTUGAL AND THE EARL OF COVENTRY.
 4. THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

Lord Ribblesdale, the fourth Baron, was born on Oct. 29, 1854, and succeeded in 1876. He is a Trustee of the National Gallery and of the National Portrait Gallery, and has been a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and Master of H.M.'s Buckhounds (1892-5). In 1877, he married Charlotte Monkton (died 1911), daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, first Baronet.—The Earl of Coventry is the ninth holder of the title, was born on May 9, 1838, and succeeded in 1843. He has been Captain and Gold Stick of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms (1877-85), and Master of the Buckhounds (1886-92 and 1895-1900). In 1865, he married Blanche, daughter of the second Earl of Craven.—The Countess of Dudley was known before her marriage, in 1891, as Miss Rachel Gurney. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Gurney.—The Duchess of Beaufort, who was married to the ninth Duke in 1895, was formerly Miss Louise Emily Harford. She is the daughter of the late William Henry Harford, and at the time of her wedding was the widow of Baron Carlo de Tuyl.—[Photographs by Sport and General and Newspaper Illustrations.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Prince of Wales's German visit will probably be the most interesting and lively event that has befallen him since he launched upon an independent programme. Oxford is but mildly exciting; "the ineradicable sense of infection" which Mr. Wells feels there is known, in a less violent phrase, as "slackness," and no Oxford man is ignorant of its meaning. In France the atmosphere was very different. French vivacity and virility narrowed into social channels produce an extraordinary zest for the formalities of entertaining, and for the exact observance of a multitude of bye-laws in the arts of gaiety. The German scene is of another kind. France and Oxford are a world apart, but Germany is farther still from either. Officially, the Court has a resemblance to all other Courts. The Kaiser is the Kaiser to his Generals; the Princess a Princess to the citizen and his wife. Court functions in Berlin are no less elaborate and long and wearisome than elsewhere. But in the family circle the family life is lived to the full. It brooks no interference from without. If the Kaiser has succeeded in anything, it is in the determination that his family should not suffer by reason of being the Kaiser's family. He lets it enjoy the advantages of its position, but guards it zealously from the disadvantages. And it is to this family circle, as natural and robust as any in Germany, that the Prince of Wales will, on some near occasion if not on this, be admitted. Stafford House will be an excitement if he ever enters into possession; but it will seem mightily empty and silent should the German sojourn come first.



ON THE RIVIERA: SIR ROPER AND LADY PARKINGTON.

Sir Roper Parkinson, who was born in 1845, was a Major in the 3rd Battalion East Surrey Regiment (Militia), and now holds the rank of Colonel. For some time he was senior partner in Messrs. J. R. Parkinson, of Crutched Friars. He is a Lieutenant for the City of London, a J.P. and D.L. for the County of London, an F.R.G.S., an F.R.C.I., a member of the Council of the London Chamber of Commerce, Vice-President of the Anglo-Portuguese Chamber of Commerce, Past Master of five City Companies, and Consul-General in the United Kingdom for Montenegro. In 1873 he married Marie Louise, daughter of the late A. Sims Silvester, of the Stock Exchange. He was knighted in 1902.

Photograph by Navello.

besides, been a mighty hunter, a rower in a thousand races, and a writer of letters to the *Times*. Perhaps it is as a man who has used a deadly gun all his life that he has defended the slaughter of birds, minxes, sables, and other such things for the adornment of woman. She, said he, is much the more interesting creature. If he now, in agreement with Lord Curzon, somewhat modifies that view, it is not because woman has grown less interesting: the more interesting she is in herself, the less does she need the cruel spoils of the chase—or of the millinery business.



ON-THE RIVIERA: SIR BRYNMOR JONES AND SIR RUFUS ISAACS, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Sir Rufus Isaacs was born in 1860, son of Joseph Michael Isaacs, merchant and shipbroker, of London. He was educated at University College School, London, in Brussels, and in Hanover. He was called to the Bar in 1887, and took silk in 1898. He has been M.P. for Reading since 1904. In March 1910 he was appointed Solicitor-General, and in October of the same year he became Attorney-General. In June of last year he was especially honoured by being given a seat in the Cabinet. He was knighted in 1910, and became a Privy Councillor in 1911. In 1887 he married Miss Alice Cohen. Sir Brynmor Jones is M.P. for Swansea, and a Privy Councillor.

Photograph by Navello.

Books and the Fish-Basket. A few days ago the

Earl of Denbigh tried the hazard of the sale-room. No auction goes off without some buyer scoring off the seller; but, on the whole, Lord Denbigh is satisfied, and with reason, at the prices fetched by his books at Sotheby's. His previous experience of sales has been far less exciting from the point of view of profit, as the thirty thousand or so bulbs of narcissi, gladioli, and suchlike flowers which he offers periodically to the country people round about Newnham are not disposed of for his own advantage. Perhaps neither bulbs nor books are his chief interest. An evening when trout are plentiful is just as memorable for him as an afternoon when big bids are caught in Wellington Street.

A Pleasing Reminiscence. The hanging story related by

Mr. Pett Ridge at Lady Charnwood's house in Eaton Square is one of several he tells with admirable effect. It is one of a group, well known to his friends, to which also belongs the anecdote of the 'bus-conductor and the driver of the vehicle behind. The conductor, taking out his watch, would let it drop with a jerk and dangle on its chain, whereupon the driver behind nodded and smiled. Puzzled, and noticing the driver responded deprecatingly, as if trying to carry his honours lightly, Mr. Pett Ridge asked the conductor to explain. "It's a little joke between me and my friend," he said; "is father was 'anged."



ON THE RIVIERA: SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.

Sir Charles Wyndham, the famous actor, was born in 1837, and served, as a doctor, during the American Civil War. He was knighted in 1902. His first appearance on the stage as a professional was at the old Royalty, on February 8, 1862.

Photograph by Navello.



ON THE RIVIERA: LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER.

Before her marriage to Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, elder of the Duke of Roxburghe's brothers, in 1907, Lady Alastair Innes-Ker was known as Miss Anne Breese. She is the daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breese, of New York.

Photograph by Navello.

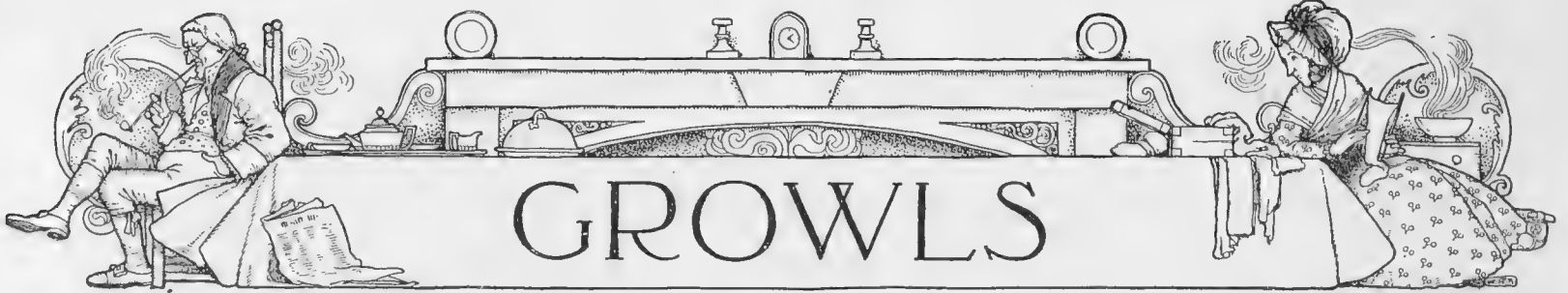
WHERE MISS GERTIE MILLAR IS NOT THE LEADING FIGURE!



CUT OUT FOR ONCE—BY HER PET! WENDY—AND MISS GERTIE MILLAR.

Wendy, a Pekinese, weighs two-and-a-half pounds. Here, it cuts its mistress out of her proper place of dominance on a page—for once! Miss Gertie Millar is making her usual success in "The Dancing Mistress," at the Adelphi.

Photographs by Rita Martin.



THE OUTRAGE OF OVER-GOVERNMENT AND THE WANTONNESS OF WARNINGS.

I AM, I may say, adequately aware that, as Society is at present constituted, it is to a certain extent necessary to keep it in order and within due bounds. There is, I do not hesitate to admit, an appreciable section of the community which is predisposed to do things which it should not do, and must, in consequence of that predisposition, be constantly informed of what those things are. I am ready, for instance, to acknowledge that there are beings so blind to tradition and so deaf to decency that they will religiously insist on driving on the right-hand side of the road unless they are imperatively adjured to keep to the left. At the same time, I do feel, as a reputable member of the British Public, that I personally should not be subjected to the indignity of being forbidden at every turn to do things which I have not and never could have the slightest intention of doing, and of being threatened with pains and penalties if I act as I am constitutionally incapable of acting. I may, perhaps, lay myself open to the charge of being unduly sensitive and touchy upon this point, but I cannot for the life of me help taking these prohibitions and threats personally. It may well be that those in authority do not intend them for me in particular: it is more than likely that the authorities in question are in complete and blissful ignorance of the fact of my existence. But when I am told pointedly that I am not to do a certain thing, and when there is superadded to this information a warning that a breach of the admonition will entail a fine of very considerable dimensions, I own that I am hurt by the want of confidence in me that is exhibited. I am the possessor of a conscience that is perfectly clear, and that should be enough of itself to keep me immune from these unworthy insinuations.

For Instance. But in spite of a surprisingly untarnished record, and in spite of a conscience which has no valid grounds for pricking with any great violence, I cannot stir forth without being ordered about and browbeaten in a manner which I consider degrading. When I am peaceably ensconced in the corner of a railway carriage I perceive above me a cord by means of which I can, in case of emergency, communicate with the guard and stop the train. This shows considerateness on the part of the company, and I am properly grateful for the attention. But that is not all. I am brusquely advised that if I pull that cord and stop the train without due and sufficient reason, I shall render myself liable to a fine not exceeding five pounds. Now, this offends me. Picture to yourself a middle-aged



THE CHARGES AGAINST MR. ARTHUR NEWTON, THE SOLICITOR, AND TWO OTHERS: MR. HANS THORSCH, DOCTOR OF LAW (X), ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN DEFRAUDED.

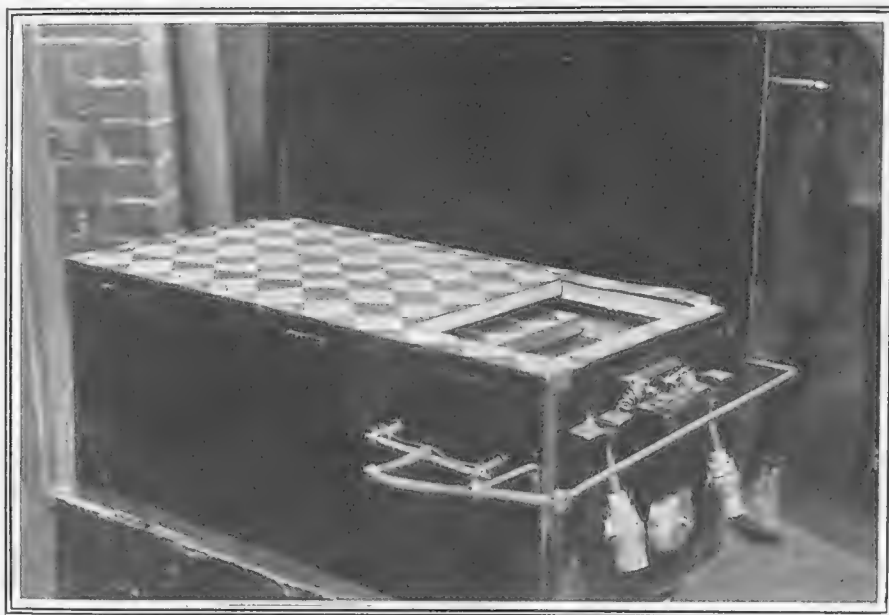
It will be recalled that Arthur John Edward Newton, Solicitor, of Great Marlborough Street, and Hollicroft, Ewell, and Berkeley Bernard Bennett, land-agent, of Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, were charged with conspiring together, and with others, to cheat and defraud Mr. Hans Thorsch, a doctor of law, of sums of money aggregating £23,000 by false pretences and other means. Also mentioned in the warrant, said Mr. Muir, appearing for the prosecution, was Count Andor Festetics, a Hungarian subject. At the moment of writing, the matter is sub judice.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

man who has had all the advantages of a Public School and University education leaping suddenly to his feet, and out of sheer wantonness and wilfulness stopping a train in its flight. Such a thing is outside the radius of human conception, and I take it very considerably to heart. I know myself to be miles above any such imbecile proceeding, and I feel that the company has no earthly justification for treating me in this fashion. But this is only an isolated instance. Our railway systems teem with kindred prohibitions, and our omnibuses do not lag far behind. The moment I enter a 'bus I am tersely apprised that smoking and spitting are strictly forbidden, and that I must not incommode my fellow-passengers by wearing a wet macintosh. Why these regulations should be notified to me I cannot imagine. Never in my most unbridled moments would it enter into my head to smoke or spit in a vehicle of this description, and I may add with consummate candour that my wardrobe does not comprise a macintosh. It injures my proper pride to realise that I am suspected of a tendency to comport myself in such unbecoming fashion, and I am deeply aggrieved that it should be in the power of any person or body of persons to cast aspersions on my potentialities.

A Cry from the Heart.

There is only one act of actual lawlessness which I habitually commit, and I readily make confession of it. I invariably pull a door which has "Push" inscribed upon it, and vice-versa. But with this solitary exception I know of no tendency to illegality in my character. I feel, therefore, that these fierce prohibitions are beneath the dignity of a benign administration. Unless some check is placed upon them, I fail to see where it is all to end. One of these days I shall encounter a notice posted in my taxi to the effect that I shall be fined a sum not exceeding five pounds if I wilfully, feloniously, and of malice aforethought assault the driver. Doubtless, there are among my compatriots many whose natures prompt them to conduct which does not commend itself to those in whose hands has been placed the control of our daily life; but I cannot agree that it should therefore be taken for granted that I am to be included in this category, and I find myself in growing dread of the arrival of the hour when I shall rise in righteous revolt, cast decorum to the winds; and, as a protest against my wrongs, go through a regular course of committing every single act of insubordination against which I have been so unwarrantably warned.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



MORE SPORT FOR RAFFLES! A NOVEL TRAP FOR CATCHING AND IMPRISONING SHOP-THIEVES.

The ingenious device here shown in model form is the invention of Mr. William Norreys, of Yattendon Road, Horley, Surrey. Briefly, it consists of a false floor, which may be constructed in front of the counter, or whatever other part of shop, or office, a thief might be expected to stand upon. This floor, which covers a pit, is supported by projecting pins, which can be withdrawn into their sockets by means of a lever worked by a brass rail on the shopman's side of the counter and running along the whole length of it. The floor being set free to fall, the thief upon it sinks quickly into the pit, alighting upon springs or pneumatic shock-absorbers, that he may not be injured. His weight works another lever, which causes a sliding-door to close over the mouth of the pit. The device can be set at night for burglars or safe-breakers, the retaining pins being so adjusted that the false floor will fall under the added weight of a burglar.

Photograph by Sport and General.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!

FOR SALE.



V.—THE MAN WHO SUCCUMBS TO THE JOY-DAY-AT-GOLF MICROBE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDLY.



THE LION OF LYON: AND THE EVOLUTION OF "LA CHASTE SUZANNE."

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

IN the train again! Again on the move, "like two erring Jewesses," to quote Germaine. She means "wandering Jewesses," but has a habit of always translating literally her

native tongue, with sometimes startling effect. To be in a train has its advantages. Besides that of taking you where you want to go to (or have to go to), it gives you an opportunity for working. With nothing else to do, with a writing-pad virgin and smooth on the table-flap before you, with feet warm to scorching, with the rhythm of the engine stimulating your brain to song or words, then is the time to answer letters or engage in a long written talk—gossip was born of inaction. Here we are immobilised in two corners of a compartment this dull afternoon, fast leaving Lyon behind us. Do you know Lyon, amiable readers? If you do, then Lyon knows you, for the stranger surges out oddly in the clean, sad, silent streets of the most provincial of our big towns. "What were they doing in that grey city?" you will ask; "perhaps it was to buy saucisson, or visit the Cathedral, or, again, break the journey from Nice?" Neither; we merely paid a call to the Lion of Lyon. Belfort has its own, and Lyon has—Tréville, though we say it "who should not," eh, Germaine? We stopped to see Germaine's father and my brother (one and indivisible person) show us how a French play can shake off its many superimposed nationalities and become renaturalised French, and how the Girl in the Taxi of London fame can be just as fascinating as ever now that she is known as La Chaste Suzanne. Though a happy and lively person, La Chaste Suzanne has a history, and for those of you who are interested in things theatrical, here it is, such as it was told us. . . . "La Chaste Suzanne,"

said Tréville, with his tongue in his cheek, so as better to spread his vermillion—we were in his dressing-room, both sitting very good and quiet on a huge boxful of "property" — "La Chaste Suzanne" was born some twelve years ago at the Palais Royal. I played it there as a farce simply, if not pure, and under the name of 'Le Fils à Papa' ('The Son of His Father'); then 'Le Fils à Papa' grew old, but without reforming—the sons of their

father seldom do—and it was changed into a musical comedy. Parisians require to have forgotten a joke before they can enjoy it again, and the operette, following too soon after the farce, did not have much of a success. But it was what Parisian merchants call a

good 'exportation' article, and it was sold, I believe, to Germany. From there it went to America, then to London, and from there the exile came back, looking very well indeed for the change. We tried

it in the provinces. The Lyonnais is a staid, sure public: where he laughs, the Parisian roars; where he holds his sides, the Parisian will slap his stall neighbour on the back—the true Meridional is the Parisian. And next month 'La Chaste Suzanne' is going to Paris with arms and baggage. Her arms I myself sharpened, her baggage I carried on my shoulders. Where it took nine weeks in London for 'The Girl in the Taxi' to get herself ready, I staged and mounted and rehearsed 'La Chaste Suzanne' all in nine days! It should be a wonder, what! Upon which Tréville, brandishing a hare's foot with a just pride, fell to vermillioning the other cheek.

We only stayed two days under the fatherly and brotherly wing of Tréville—ample time to see Lyon and to give it new ideas in hats.

During those two days we made friends with some dear little London sparrows, beating their heads and wings against the walls of the old theatre of the Celestins. They were English chorus-girls, used to fresh air fun, and liberty, cooped up in the dusty foyer, sewing at some gay rags to wear at the students' ball the same night. I talked to them in English, and immediately it was as if I had made the mysterious signs of freemasonry. In five minutes they had told me their mortal ennui, their ignorance of anything outside the corridors of the theatre and the adjoining streets, their lack of friends in town or even among the other French artists, the hard work, the short

pay, and the long contract. "We were so glad at the thought of travelling and seeing new countries, of learning French—we would have signed any sort of engagement," they sighed; "but we have seen nothing of the towns we went to except the stations and our lodgings! As for French, we haven't time to learn it; we haven't even fresh air, for as soon as we open a window some one of the French choristers runs and closes it for fear of catching a cold. . . . And we shan't see England in the spring—we

shall still be in that hateful place!" . . . Poor little nostalgic Cockneys! I fear they imagine all France as a big Lyon.

And as I write "Lyon," we already enter the station of the same name in the Gay City. Hulloa, Paris!



WINTER-SPORTING IN SWITZERLAND: THE COUNTESS OF MINTO AND HER ELDEST DAUGHTER, LADY EILEEN ELLIOT, SKATING.

Before her marriage to the fourth Earl of Minto, which took place in 1883, the Countess of Minto was known as Miss Mary Caroline Grey, daughter of the late General the Hon. Charles Grey. Of her three daughters, Lady Eileen Elliot, who was born in 1884, is unmarried; Lady Ruby married Viscount Errington, eldest son of the Earl of Cromer, in 1908; Lady Violet married Major Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, younger son of the Marquess of Lansdowne, in 1909. Lady Minto's sons, Viscount Melgund and the Hon. Gavin Elliot, were born respectively in 1891 and 1895.

Photograph by Ulyett.



DOING IN ROME AS ROME DOES! AMERICAN LADIES GOING TO BED JAPANESE FASHION IN JAPAN.

Photograph by Leopold Spero.

THE TEE PARTY.

FOR SALE.



THE CADDIE: Beg pardon, lady; but yer mustn't sit 'ere—the gentlemen says as it's dangerous.

THE LADY: You tell the gentlemen to mind their own business; and anyway, I'm sitting-on-my-macintosh, and I'm not rheumatic.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



DR. DIET: FOOD AND THE HEALTH.*

Are You—?
Then Diet!

Are you inclined towards obesity—horrid word! Has that "apron of fat" become embarrassing? Are you too lean? Are you rheumatic, "nervy," diabetic, gouty? Have you anything the matter with you? Would you keep as fit as you are? Then read, learn, and—appropriately—inwardly digest Dr. Chalmers Watson's "Book of Diet." There was once, and not so very long ago, a physician famous throughout the land, justly honoured as a man of great skill and knowledge. Frankly and freely, he confessed on one occasion: "A large percentage of my patients are dear old ladies and gentlemen, the middle-aged and the young, who "do" themselves too well, over-eat and, perhaps, over-drink, and are not in the least attracted by exercise. This tells; then they come to me. I have to order a diet, with walks or rides, but I dare not regulate eating and drinking only. I must give medicine if my prescribed regimen is to be carried out. Consequently, I send them 'bottles of water, coloured and made just 'nasty' enough. Then the sufferers will do as I bid—and never otherwise." Things are different now. Dieting has become a good habit, when it has not become a mere eccentricity whose disciples spend their whole time playing at nuts and may-not! Many have proved that, given the guiding hint, they can keep themselves in excellent health and improve shattered digestions and whatnot by a well-advised regulation of food and drink. To them "The Book of Diet" will be more than welcome, as it will be to thousands of others—those who have not yet taken themselves in hand. Dr. Watson's work is really first-rate; readable, non-technical, thorough, and not in the least "faddy." It is well described as "a practical guide for the ordinary man as to the forms of diet best suited for various temperaments and occupations, and valuable as a preventative or cure for various diseases." And it is by a specialist.

Entertainment and Good Advice. More, it is vastly informing. Are you aware, for example, that "mineral salts are of very great importance in nutrition"? "This will be readily understood if we bear in mind that the tissues, on analysis, yield five per cent. of ash. Death occurs in a few weeks if salts are cut out of the diet. . . . We have no very precise knowledge as to the exact amount required daily, but we know that an ordinary mixed diet contains sufficient for the body requirements." Are you aware that "the composition of the oyster is mainly water—over 88 per

cent.; protein, 6 per cent.; and carbohydrates, 3 per cent.? The proportion of solid nutriment is not large, three dozen moderate-sized oysters only containing 5 1-3 ounces of solids." Are you aware that you do not drink enough water—probably? "Water is indispensable to life. About two-thirds of the total body-weight is composed of water, and water also enters largely into the composition of all food-stuffs. . . . On an average, about four pints of water may be taken as the daily requirements of the tissues, of which about one-fourth is ordinarily taken in solid food. The best way of supplying water to the body is by drinking it in its pure state."

About Excitation
by Alcohol.

As to alcohol, Dr. Chalmers Watson has much to say, and he gives an interesting summing-up at the beginning of his notes on the subject. "The desire for a stimulant of some kind other than that of food is practically universal. There are no civilised, and few uncivilised or semi-civilised people, with the exception of Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Northern Eskimos, who do not practise the distillation of alcohol in some form or other from the materials most available. Thus, in Lombardy, alcohol is made from potatoes; and in Japan, from rice. The preliminary excitation of the central nervous system induced by alcohol is followed by a diminished excitability, which renders the person under its influence less conscious of unpleasant conditions affecting either his

body or mind, and imparts a sensation of general well-being and comfort that is the foundation for the long-established use of alcohol as a beverage."

The Scope of "The Book of Diet." A word as to the wide scope of "The Book of Diet" and our space is ended, with a hearty recommendation to all to seek information for themselves in the simplest, pleasantest, least technical, most common-sense way. There are chapters on such subjects as The Chemistry and Physiology of Nutrition, Animal Foods, Vegetable Foods, Beverages and Stimulants, Concerning Meals, Diet at Different Periods of Life, Nutritious Meals at Small Cost, How Does Diet Cause Disease? Gout and Rheumatism, Obesity, Tuberculosis, Indigestion, Cooking and the Preparation of Foods; with such divisions as Amount of Food Required, Nutritive Value of Foods, The Use of Alcohol in Health and Disease, Nourishing and Economical One-Course Dinners, Effects

of Under-Feeding, Effects of Ill-Balanced Feeding, Injurious Effects of Over-Eating, Auto-Intoxication (Self-Poisoning), The Cause of Obesity, How to Get Fatter. Added to all this is quite a goodly collection of recipes of various kinds. What more could be desired? Surely, nothing!



"SPARKSTÄTT" HOME FROM SCHOOL: RÄTTVIK VILLAGE CHILDREN GOING HOME.

A correspondent writes: "One or two persons can 'Sparkstätt' on one sledge. It consists of standing with one foot on the one runner and kicking with the other foot, at the same time pushing the sledge. As a means of conveyance for postmen, milkmen, and so on, it is always used, and also as means of getting to church quickly!" Rättvik is in the province of Kopparberg, on the shore of Lake Siljan, Sweden.



SEEKING TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST BY SONG: A SINGER TRYING, IN VAIN, TO CHARM IVAN, AN ALASKAN BROWN BEAR, AT THE NEW YORK "ZOO."

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "Ivan is a mean-tempered Alaskan brown bear, in the New York Zoological Gardens. It was suggested that a good way to curb his temper would be by means of song. A woman, evidently a professional singer (who declined to give her name), with a high soprano, and with grand-operatic training, asked Curator Dittmars for permission to try the experiment. As shown in the photograph, an interested audience gathered about Ivan's domicile in the Bronx, and listened with delight to a number of arias in French, German, and English, rendered by the singer standing close to the bear's cage, at the same time watching with interest the effect of the music on the Alaskan bear. Evidently Ivan has no soul or ear for operatic music; the only thing that brought a flicker of interest from Ivan was the appearance of Keeper Ferguson with a huge piece of beef-steak."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

* "The Book of Diet." By Chalmers Watson, M.D., F.R.C.P.E.; Assistant Physician, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh; Editor of the "Encyclopædia Medica"; author of "Food and Feeding in Health and Disease: a Manual of Practical Dietetics." (Nelson, 2s. net.)

A HARDY ANNUAL.

FOR SALE.



GILES (*buying furniture for his future home*): I want a mattress.
THE SHOP-ASSISTANT: Yessir; a spring mattress?
GILES: Noa; one as we can use all the year round.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



HAPPY THE WOOING THAT'S NOT LONG A-DOING.

By NICOLINE NICHOLSON.

MONSIEUR JACQUES ROMAND, fresh from the orchards of Normandy, felt the importance of his position. Had he not a fine situation with the most famous optician in the Avenue de l'Opéra, and a good salary which enabled him to procure the latest thing in ties and socks? Was he not fast growing into an elegant *Parisien* gentleman and losing all the *gaucherie* that had been one of the predominant characteristics of M. Jacques of the Orchard-on-the-Hill, near Forges les Eaux?

"Ah—indeed! No place like Paris for making a man!" thought he, as he tripped gaily towards the Avenue de l'Opéra on a deliciously balmy spring morning.

As he contrasted his former state as a provincial peasant and his present condition of Parisian elegance in manners and dress he unconsciously pushed his hat to a more naughty angle and strutted somewhat after the manner of the peacock that adorned the orchard of his paternal home in Normandy.

Suddenly the strut became a real military prance, for *she* was coming towards him, the Adorable One of his dreams!

Oh, that she would but deign him one glance from her eyes of dewy violet! He knew that they were violet, for had he not entered a public conveyance and sat opposite her to satisfy himself on that point?

Her name was Adorable One. At least, that was all of her name that Jacques knew, but it served the purpose when he apostrophised her in his dreams and waking moments.

He knew every outline of the neat grey figure, from the turn of her pretty grey ankles and her patent shiny shoes to the tricky little grey hat set so saucily on her golden-brown, wavy locks; he knew the very pattern that was embroidered on her snow-white collar and cuffs; he smelt continually the violets that she daily tucked in her dress. Oh, indeed she was a dainty, trifling, rose-leaf kind of maiden, and Jacques little knew how bold seemed his stare as he passed.

"*Peste!*" she thought, "I shall be compelled to take another way if that impertinent *garçon* continues to stare at me so."

But the air of spring had bewitched Jacques that morning. It spoke to him of the pink-dressed orchards and the violets under the apple-trees, of the daffodils by the duck-pond and the nestlings in the delicious, green hedgerows. And who can blame it that when Adorable One, a veritable Spirit of Spring, tripped into the scene he wanted to speak with her.

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" he murmured, sweeping his hat from the naughty angle with true Parisian grace, as if he meant to throw it to the winds of spring and let them bear it where they would. "Ah, Mademoiselle!"

Adorable One lifted her violet eyes and cast one long, disdainful, crushing, "don't-be-impertinent" glance at the bowing Jacques, and passed swiftly on her way before the circle described by his hat had been completed and it again rested at the naughty angle.

"*Tiens!* Then she is as shy as the violets nestling against her rounded bosom!" he exclaimed. "She scorns me; but there—I must find out her home; her parents, and acquaint them of my desire to pay my addresses to Adorable One."

The military strut became a disconsolate trot as Jacques remembered once more his destination—the saloon of the most famous optician on the Avenue de l'Opéra.

But what a day it was for Jacques! The delicious air of the spring morning and the Spirit of Spring, the Adorable One, had worked madness in his brain. She danced before his vision, sweet

and mocking, as he worked. He hugged himself with his long, lean arms and pictured Adorable One within them. He patted his left shoulder and thought what a pillow it would be for her golden-brown head. He looked in the mirror and vigorously twisted the points of his downy, raven-black, scanty moustache to a more becoming angle.

At last the long, century-like day was done. It was late afternoon, and Jacques was free to leave the Zeiss glasses and the marine, field, and opera glasses to themselves while he went forth to wake and dream and sleep and dream of Adorable One.

The streets were crowded with laughing, hurrying, bustling people; mannequins, grisettes, typists, busy bees of every calling were returning to their hives, leaving the honey-flowers of business behind them. Suddenly from out the crowd of tight skirts and dainty ankles clad in hose of every hue emerged a pair of slim grey ones. They danced up to Jacques' vision.

Ah . . . ! He knew them! He knew the curve of the arched feet in patent shoes, he knew the bow of broad ribbon that tied them. And happy was he!

Now he would follow on and find out the residence of Adorable One. On they tripped, those ankles of slender and grey, along the Place de l'Opéra, down the Rue de la Paix, past the Colonne Vendôme, down the Rue de Castiglione, and then into the street of streets that contained the home of Adorable One. A door clanged, the grey ankles had disappeared within.

If *gaucherie* had been one of Jacques' predominant qualities in former days, so had been impulsiveness. He was impulsive still.

He thundered at the door, and it was thrown open by the concierge before he had determined what to say.

"Mademoiselle my friend has entered. I will go up," was what he did say, and he followed the sound of the clicking heels as they ascended the stone staircase. Up, up, till the top flat was reached. Jacques paused to take breath. He took a long one. He took ten, as his book on manners told him to do when he wanted to efface self-consciousness. He straightened his shoulders. He took off his hat and smoothed his hair. He brought out a handsome, blue-bordered silk handkerchief and wiped the dewy beads from his brow. He blew his nose. At last he was ready and he rang the bell.

The door flew open, and a plump, cheerful little woman stood in the doorway surveying the visitor with bright, bird-like eyes.

She was not formidable. No; she looked *bourgeoise* and pleasant. She reminded Jacques of his own dear *maman*. "*Bon jour, Madame Fraissard!*" he murmured, reading the name-plate on the door and bowing gracefully. "Can I speak with you?"

"*Oui, certainement!*" answered Mme. Fraissard, a puzzled look in her eyes as she tried to remember where she had seen this graceful, genteel *garçon* before. "*Entrez!*"

Jacques entered and found himself in a tiny sitting-room. The Adorable One was nowhere to be seen.

Madame lifted the long broom that she had thrust hastily behind the door.

She had also been bewitched with the Spirit of Spring. All day long she had scoured and scrubbed and scrubbed and scoured, and swept and dusted and dusted and swept.

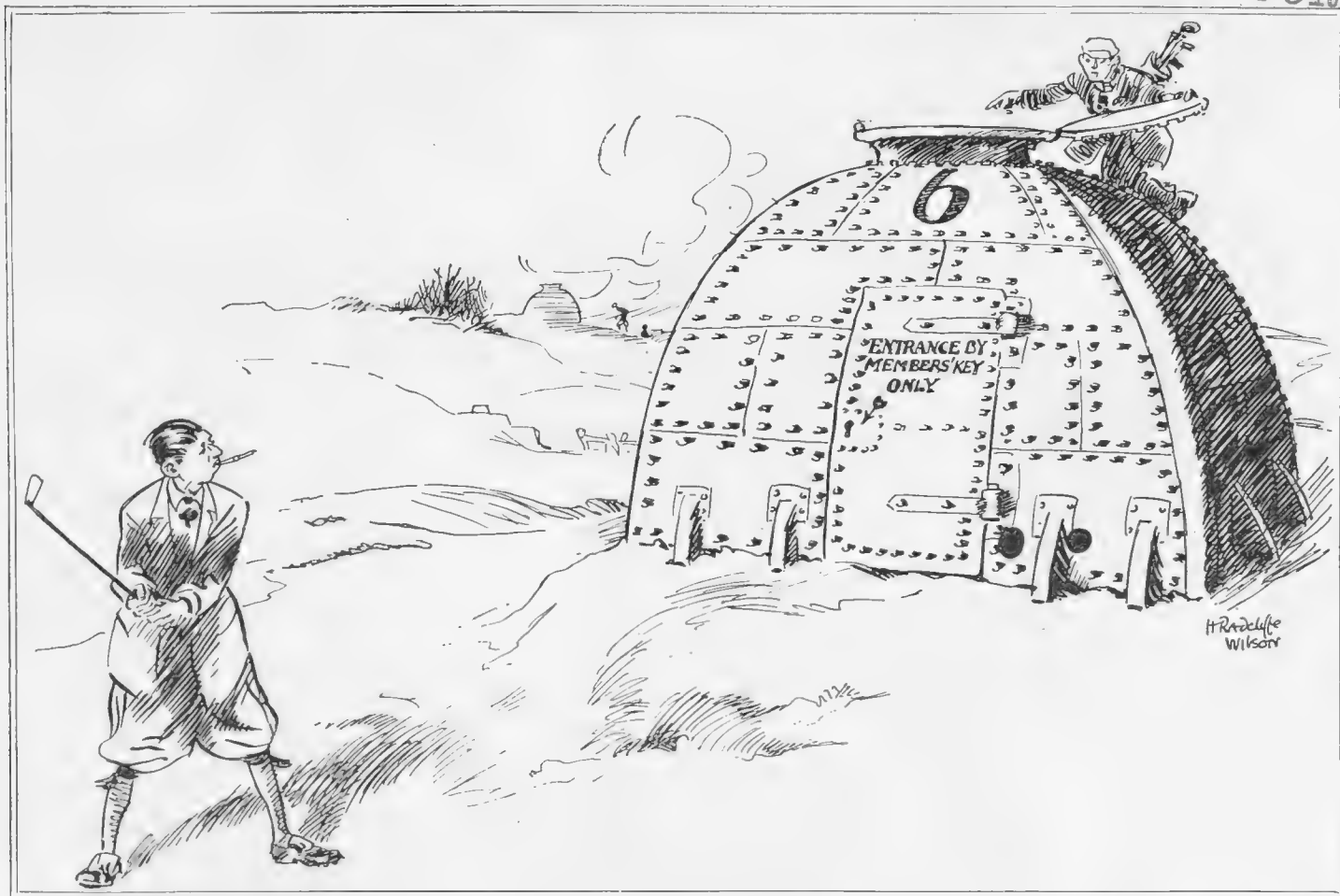
She had almost finished, and the little flat, polished and shining, was as sweet and fresh as the bowl of daffodils upon the table.

The daffodils cried out to Jacques as he entered. "Do you know us? Are we not like our brothers that live beside the

[Continued overleaf.]

THE OPEN - AIR LIFE.

FOR SALE.



THE ANTI-SUFF. ARMoured GREEN—PATENT APPLIED FOR. NOT ONLY PROTECTS GREENS FROM MILITANT VOTE-SEEKERS, BUT ADDS TO THE INTEREST OF THE GAME, THE ONLY ENTRANCE FOR THE BALL BEING THROUGH THE OPENING IN THE ROOF.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.

FOR SALE.



JANE: I say, 'Arry, in my book it says the 'ero's "a man of wide culture"—what's that?

ARRY: Oh—er—chap who does these 'ere 'ealth exercises and goes to picture palices and reads all the newspapers and c'llec's cigarette cards—you know the sort.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

duck-pond?" And Jacques had to wink some moisture from his eye as he turned to Madame. So homely, so motherly she looked, he longed to embrace her, to confide in her. Words tumbled to his lips.

"Ah, Madame!" he cried, and unconsciously he pressed his left hand to his heart like the tenor in the opera. "I love your daffodils. I beg to make myself known to you. I adore Mademoiselle, your daughter, I presume. Daily I have met her, and this morning I would fain have spoken with her, but she is shy as the violets, timid as the nightingale. But I said, 'I will find Madame, her mother. I will make myself known.' I am Jacques——"

"'Tis you, then, thou villain, that troubles her daily with insolent glances," cried Madame, her cheeriness vanishing before the fire that darted from her black eyes. "Thou, oh, thou——"

Words failed her; inarticulate, she choked and spluttered. Then, seizing the broom, she charged at the astonished Jacques.

He stepped back as she rushed forward, and he knocked over the table and the daffodils. Horror-stricken, he stooped to pick them up. The broom descended on his head. Then came darkness, then rainbow lights, stars, moons. Jacques whirled in space; then, with only one thought—to escape—he pressed his hands to his aching head and fled from the room. Down the stone stairs he skipped, Madame following, shrieking, gesticulating, waving the broom.

"The *diablerie* of Paris," he heard. "Unsafe for innocents to walk abroad. Molested by those villains. Call the police. Help! help! The police!"

Jacques leaped a dozen steps at a time. The concierge, amazed at the noise, heard Madame's shrieks, endeavoured to stop Jacques in his flight, was thrust aside, and Jacques, scared at the uproar he had created, bounded into the street. The concierge followed.

"Thief! thief! Police! police! Help! help!" shrieked the man.

The passers-by heard. A thief escaping—no, never! And soon the concierge headed a crowd of racing, shouting people panting after the bounding Jacques.

Poor Jacques! The roar behind terrified him out of his wits. After all, he was little more than a boy, although he thought himself so clever. And why not? Had he not been to London and passed his Optician Exams there? Had he not certificates of all sizes, and medals and prizes, and had he not obtained a splendid situation? Poor Jacques! How was he to escape from the howling, shouting, zealous mob behind?

A street car came rushing into view. He would board it and be whirled away from the lunatics behind him. He stepped on the foot-board; a gendarme's hand rested on his shoulder.

Jacques struggled and faced about in anger, but the strong arm of the law held him. He could but gracefully submit, and was conveyed to the nearest police-station.

Once there, how he stormed! The disgrace of it! How was he to know that the young lady's mother was a lunatic? He had gone to pay his

addresses to his beloved; her *maman* had attacked him, and he had fled.

The panting concierge was questioned. What did he charge the prisoner with? Monsieur the Concierge scratched his bald head. He did not know of what Jacques was accused. Madame had called for the police, and he had run to prevent the prisoner escaping.

"Fools all!" cried the wrathful Superintendent. "Here we have a prisoner, and you do not know of what he is accused."

"He says he went to arrange a marriage, and Mademoiselle's mother was mad."

"Fetch Mademoiselle—fetch the mad Madame!"

The bewildered concierge retired, the officers of the law with him. The Superintendent fumed and raged at the ridiculous fools, as he called them, and Jacques rubbed his bruised head.

A noise without. A storming, sharp voice; a soft one, saying, "Hush, Maman!"—and Madame Fraissard entered, accompanied by Adorable One.

What gesticulations! What voluble speech! Everybody chattered at once. It was Bedlam. Then Monsieur Superintendent grasped the true story.

"Just so, Madame; and so you attacked a respectable but foolish young man because he endeavoured to make himself known to you, and so pay his addresses to your daughter. He had no thought of harming her. His love has made him foolish; his desperate wish to know her, imprudent."

So the Superintendent talked, and Madame's anger passed from her. The absurdity of the situation tickled her humour; she bubbled with hysterical laughter.

"And who is this foolish young man?" she asked, adding insult to injury.

Jacques faced her in white anger.

"Who am I?" he cried. "Why did you not find out before you attacked me so? Madame, you have disgraced me—disgraced

Jacques Romand of the Orchard on the Hill at Forges les Eaux in Normandy—Jacques Romand, assistant to the most famous optician in the Avenue de l'Opéra—and Jacques folded his arms across his bosom with the air of a tragedian.

"Jacques Romand of the Orchard on the Hill at Forges les Eaux!" exclaimed Madame, her eyes round with surprise. "How did I know you were Jacques Romand? What did the child know but that you were a bold, bad Parisian *galant* against whom I have ever warned her? I, too, come from Forges les Eaux. Let us withdraw and talk about Normandy."

The Superintendent of Police graciously allowed them to retire, and when the door closed he gave way to low guffaws.

Jacques and Adorable One gathered daffodils by the duck-pond when spring came round again. They had mated like the nightingales in the chestnut-trees.

THE END.



THE VICAR (to the old lady, the last of whose family has married): You must feel lonely, Mrs. Muggins, after having such a large family.

MRS. MUGGINS: Yes, I do, Sir. Sometimes I misses 'em and sometimes I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more nor I wants 'em.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



ON THE LINKS

THE OLDEST LINKS ON THE CONTINENT: THE GOLF COURSE AT PAU.

Golf at Pau.

Now I have reached Pau, and I like it. Between Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz and Pau there are very wide differences; but Biarritz and Pau are in the friendliest association, and there is no such match ever played on the Continent as that home-and-home foursome that is done every April for the Kilmaine Cup. Pau won it last year after having lost for eight years in succession, and they will try very hard to repeat their success. Biarritz, I fancy, have a bigger lot of good material to select from; but I have seen both Mr. Charles Hutchings and Mr. Guy Campbell out on the links at Pau, and if the latter stays out here long enough he should be one of the couple. The match makes a nice piece of junketing, for Pau is nearly four hours on the railway from the other place, and each side gives the other one a good time when they come along. I repeat that I like Pau; I admire it very much, indeed. There is no sea, but the Pyrenees are nearer, and from the course we can see the sharp, snowy points of the Grand Pic and the Petit Pic, which, it is said, were first climbed by a lady golfer who was at that time—about twenty years ago—secretary to the ladies' golf club here. The river Gave, which is not the most beautiful thing in rivers, runs all the way along the course, and here and there enters into the consideration of the player. Round about are some little cottages of peasants, and wooded hills rise up on the other side of the Gave. On the whole, though it is very flat, it is yet a pretty course, and on fine days playing there is an abounding joy—always assuming that you are playing pretty well, for Pau is no children's course, but needs good golf always if there is to be any satisfaction gained. The soil is a nice sandy loam, and it has produced good turf which yields fine lies through the green, while the putting-greens are as good as they need be.

A Good Fourteenth.

In all such matters as these nobody can find any complaint with Pau, and the holes are well laid out. The longest are the first and twelfth, each of which is 450 yards, and, as usual on Continental courses, there is a liberal supply of short holes, five of them being included in

we must consider closely some day. The fourteenth is a hole of nice medium length—355 yards—over wavy ground, and the second shot is generally a little longer than you think it should have been, for you do not get much run on the ball when the turf is dry, although, let me add quickly, this turf at Pau is absolutely the best thing of the kind that I have seen in Europe. The green at this fourteenth runs into a tight corner which is surrounded by all kinds of obstructions, and has a turbulent tributary of the Gave bustling along at the very edge of it on the right-hand side, so that, whether the approach is short or long, it is one for much anxiety and the closest care.

Another good thing about the course is that it is one that is never crowded. In some other cases, to say such a thing as that would be a very doubtful compliment, for it would suggest that the course was not popular, and therefore that something was wrong with it. However, there is nothing wrong with Pau, and the simple fact is that here the climate is of the most delightfully soothing kind, and everybody, without being exactly lazy—and certainly not feeling "done for" without doing anything—likes to take things easily; and

those who play all day are rather exceptions. Some do their round in the morning, others in the afternoon; and so congestion of the course is well avoided. They say that Pau is the finest place in the world for nerves and the settling of them.

An Old Establishment.

But there is something else to say about this club and course which most of you will think is more remarkable. The fact is not generally appreciated that they are not merely the oldest on the Continent, but among the very oldest in the world. It was in 1856 that the pioneers of golf in Europe (mostly Scots, of course, if some of them did come from Blackheath, which was the only place in England where the game was played at that time) came and settled at this place and made the course. At that time there were very few courses even in Scotland, and such now great English golfing centres as Hoylake, Westward Ho! and Sandwich had not been dreamed of. But let me not close these notes without remarking that, though motor-cars



THE OLDEST GOLF COURSE ON THE CONTINENT: THE CLUBHOUSE AT PAU.



"VERY FLAT, IT IS YET A PRETTY COURSE": THE SHORT THIRTEENTH HOLE AT PAU.



WITH ITS PRETTY BUT DIFFICULT APPROACH: THE FOURTEENTH GREEN AT PAU.

the round at Pau. I have heard some very good and well-experienced golfers declare that the fourteenth hole is one of the very best to be found on the Continent of Europe, and, after playing it in the morning and studying it in the afternoon, I am somewhat disposed to agree with them, though that question as to which are the best holes in Europe (leaving out Great Britain, of course) is a doubtful one, which

be glorious things, there is not a walk to a golf links anywhere I know that, for natural charm and the inducement of such contemplative preparations for the golfing ordeals that are to follow, can compare with the one through the magnificently wooded and ancient park of Pau, which stretches all the way from the town to the course itself.

HENRY LEACH.



THE NEW HUMOUR AND THE OLD—A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

THE American invasion shows no signs of falling off, and if things continue at their present pace, it will soon be a rare occurrence to hear the English accent on the music-hall stage. Amongst the newest of the arrivals is Miss Elida Morris, who has been included in the programme at the Palace. Like most of her compatriots, this lady relies for her effect entirely upon the violence of her methods. She starts the proceedings in the most uncompromising fashion, proclaiming with amazing vehemence her passionate desire to see her home in Dixie—a yearning which is shared by at least twenty other performers who have journeyed to London from the States. After volleying forth this somewhat hackneyed ditty, she seats herself upon a gilded chair and plays the bones with an amount of vim to which Sandow himself could hardly aspire, and then, arraying herself in masculine attire, she executes a dance which leaves no doubt in the mind that she is in the pink of condition. The days of charm and grace appear to be over, and all that is aimed at is racket and grotesqueness. The voice is rendered as raucous as Nature will allow, every gesture is uglified to the utmost extent, until one internally prays for peace and quiet. The audience of to-day appears to treat the matter philosophically, and to accept the detonation as inevitable. It listens without protest, and applauds politely and perfunctorily, wondering a little at the amount of energy displayed, and relieved at heart when it is all over. So long as managements see fit to cater for it in this volcanic manner, it submits with resignation; but its patience must give out in the long run, and it will in time find itself demanding less noise and more humour for its money.

Mirth-Provoking. One of the phenomena to be observed in this Transatlantic outburst is that in hardly any instance does it move the audience to merriment. The house may be interested and even excited, but it does not laugh. Only occasionally nowadays does one hear the loud roar of laughter which used to reward comedians of a more antiquated pattern, and it came quite as a relief to me to hear it at the Tivoli the other evening. It is more than ten years ago since I first saw Fred Karno's company in "The Mummie Birds" at the old Canterbury, and they have since then been playing the sketch without intermission. But age does not diminish its power of forcing the audience to indulge in a really hearty good laugh. It is the sheerest tomfoolery, but it must be a dour person whom it would not amuse. The inebriated dude who insists on falling in and out of his private box, makes love to the lady ballad-singer, and challenges the champion

wrestler, is quite irresistibly funny; and the boy in the Eton jacket and the opposite box who shoots peas and hurls bits of bun at the performers makes the tears roll down the faces of respectable family solicitors in the stalls. It may be an old-fashioned and played-out view to hold, but I am strongly of opinion that the person who can compel laughter is a public benefactor, and that laughing until the sides ache is one of the finest forms of human exercise, however primitive the methods employed to produce the cachinnation. Herein lies the difference between the old and the new school. The latter may astound, and even terrify, us by the volume of sound it emits and the bedevilment of its demeanour, but the former makes its appeal to the elemental, and forces the most serious-minded of us actually to laugh.



IN "THE MASQUE OF LEARNING, MEDIEVAL AND MODERN: A PAGEANT OF EDUCATION THROUGH THE AGES": MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND AS MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS; WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, MARY HAMILTON, AND MARY SETON.

"The Masque of Learning," devised by Professor Geddes, enjoyed presentation last week in the Great Hall, University of London (Imperial Institute, South Kensington). The Marchioness Townshend, here seen in the centre of the photograph as Mary Queen of Scots, was formerly known as Miss Gladys Sutherst. Her marriage took place in 1905.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

From the French. It is some years since the Prince and Princess de Broglie made their not very distinguished appearance at the Tivoli, and now the Coliseum is allowing us once more to gaze upon a Princess, for Mme. Lydia Yavorska is in real life the Princess Bariatinsky. She is appearing in "Lolotte," a little comedy by Meilhac and Halévy which has been adapted by Mr. John Pollock. It used to be played years ago by Mme. Chaumont, and its return to the stage is very welcome. It treats of a certain Lady Feltham who, having consented to play a part in a charity performance, asks Lolotte, a French music-hall "star," to visit her and to coach her. Lady Feltham has a mild sort of intrigue with Sir Augustus Pett, who is engaged to Lolotte, and in the course of the rehearsal this fact is discovered by the actress, who fiercely arraigns her wayward fiancé and the lady. During her harangue Lord Feltham enters, and Lolotte, out of sheer kindness of heart, pretends that what she has been

saying is only a scene from the piece which is to be played. She then triumphantly bears off her future husband, leaving Lord Feltham blissfully ignorant of what has been going on. The comedy affords ample scope for acting, for at one moment Lolotte is giving imitations of the "can-can" and the "bunny-hug," and at the next is rising to heights of dramatic fury. In each of these phases Mme. Yavorska is completely successful. She has acquired an excellent command of the English language, and she wears a ravishing frock. She enters heart and soul into the spirit of the comedy, and, assisted as she is by a capable company, brings out both the light and tragic sides of the character quite admirably. The whole piece goes with a swing, and is in every respect superior to most of the sketches to which we are accustomed at the halls.—ROVER.



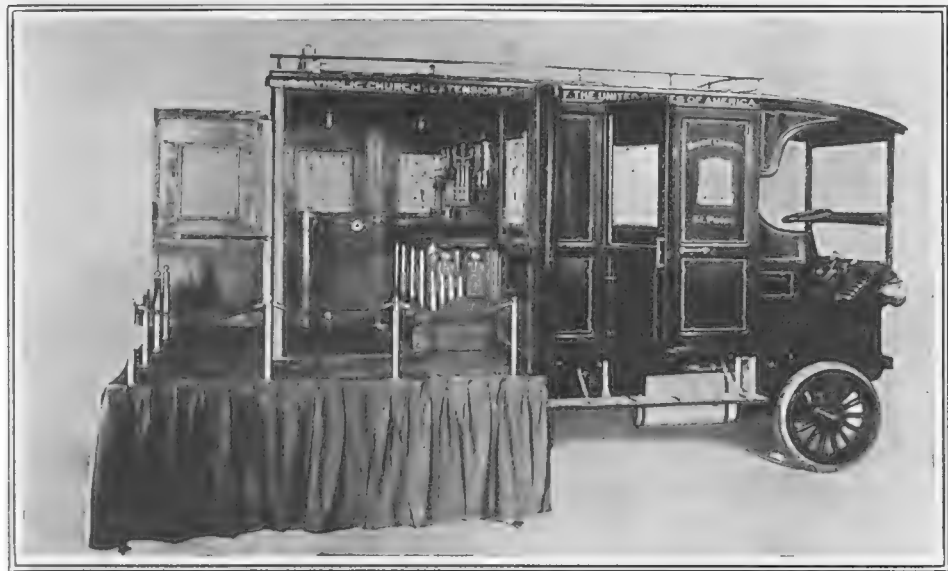
THE RACE OF MAN—THE EVOLUTION OF TWO GREAT FIRMS—EVERY TAXI-DRIVER HIS OWN OWNER.

A Race in Manxland—Perhaps!

At last the Royal Automobile Club has resolved to ignore the wishes of the manufacturers and to hold a motor race on Sept. 25 next in the Isle of Man. The idea of arranging an event for cars driven by engines of 90 mm. ($3\frac{1}{2}$ in.) bore and 140 mm. ($5\frac{1}{2}$ in.) stroke has been abandoned in favour of a competition confined to

Napiers, Napoleon, and George III.

The consolidation and amalgamation of the selling firm of Messrs. S. F. Edge and Co., Ltd., and the manufacturing firm of Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., is now an accomplished fact, so that the combine or fusion of these two concerns will in future be known as "Napier Motors, Ltd." In this connection it is interesting to note that Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., commenced business as engineers so long ago as 1808, when George III. was King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Napoleon—the great Napoleon—lorded it over France and was terrorising all Europe. They were originally engaged in the construction of machines for minting and coining—very delicate machinery, which required extraordinary exactitude and correctness. That this aptitude for refined and careful work has been carefully handed down is obvious from the world-wide reputation which has accrued to the Napier motor-cars from the first. The cult of the Napier ranges from the popular 15-h.p. to the 60-h.p. six-cylinder, on the one hand; and from a twelve-hundredweight van to a two-ton lorry on the other.



A RUN-ABOUT PLACE OF WORSHIP: THE MOTOR-CHAPEL ST. PETER.

The motor-chapel St. Peter, here seen ready for the holding of a service and with its altar, was built for the Catholic Church Extension Society, of the United States of America, for use in sparsely settled districts of Texas, to supplement a railroad chapel already in use, and penetrate to regions not yet reached by railway.

Photograph by Sport and General.

standard chassis with the above engine dimensions, a minimum weight of 2000 lb. to be carried, and the cars to be of standard touring construction and design, as set out in the respective makers' catalogues published on or before Feb. 17 last. The race will take place over the Tourist Trophy course of 300 miles, in laps of 38 miles. The regulations are not yet before me, but I, as well as all other motorists, shall hope to find they provide for the fitting of a standard four-seated body, with standard wind-screen, or something giving equal wind-resistance, to a car in common use. One fly in the ointment is the assertion that the race will not take place unless there are twenty entries. It should be held if there are only five.

The Progress of the Dunlop Company.

The original object of the Dunlop Company was the construction and sale of pneumatic tyres made, according to the Welch and Bartlett patents, for pedal-pushed bicycles. But it has travelled far, very far, since those days. It has changed its name, trebled or quadrupled its activities, and has further taken unto itself the construction of detachable rims and wheels and the manufacture of a host of useful accessories for motorists and cyclists. These reflections are borne in upon the writer, who was practically in at the birth of this great concern, in turning over the leaves of the Dunlop catalogue for the present year of grace. This catalogue, which is an education in itself, should find a resting-place on a well-driven nail in every garage, public or private, in the country. In view of the public leaning to detachable wheels as opposed to detachable rims, full particulars of the easily handled and perfectly secure Dunlop detachable wheel will be found in the pages of the work. In addition to the commercial section of this catalogue, there is so much information given with regard to the care and fitting of tyres, that it may well be styled a "Tyre Text-Book."

Fiat Cars for Owner-Drivers.

In view of the prolongation of the taxi-cab strike, which most assuredly, at the moment of writing, shows no sign of settlement, Fiat Motors, Ltd., of 37, Long Acre, make an offer which affords an alluring opportunity to the progressive motor-cab driver to put himself outside the effect and operation of strikes and lock-outs by becoming the owner of his own cab. And from figures that have been put before me, there is no doubt that, given the necessary start, an owner-driver could, even before the strike, and even while paying for his cab, make quite a decent living for himself. To achieve success the owner-driver must, of course, be a steady, industrious, hard-working, and well-mannered man with some mechanical leanings and sympathy. To aid such men Fiat Motors, Ltd., have now made special arrangements for the supply, on the hire system, of Fiat cabs, complete with all equipment and the necessary Scotland Yard



DESIGNED FOR THE TRANSPORT OF AEROPLANES, MORE ESPECIALLY IN TIME OF WAR; A MOTOR-CAR, WITH A FLYING-MACHINE UPON IT AND A TOOL-HOLDER AS PART OF ITS EQUIPMENT, ON THE FLYING-GROUND AT JOHANNISTHAL.

Photograph by C.N.

licenses procured in the owner's name. The price of a Fiat cab is £250—£75 or £100 down, and the balance by monthly instalments of £10 and £12. In some instances men have been able to pay for their cabs in a little over twelve months.

[Continued on a later page.]

PICTURE-BUILDING FOR THE CAMERA: TABLE-TOP PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE arranging of natural objects in apparently natural positions, lighting suitably, and making use of desirable backgrounds, with a view to producing photographs which will represent such objects more truthfully, and with pictorial effect otherwise unattainable, has long been practised by the botanical illustrator; while the production of photographs of miniature objects which have been more or less skilfully arranged to represent natural scenes—ylept “table-top photography”—is pretty well known to the dabbler in the black art. In each case the operator—in so far as he or she may be blessed with artistic perception and the imitative faculty—may be termed a picture-builder. Hitherto, however, the possibilities of such methods do not appear to have attracted much attention, nor would it seem to have occurred to anyone that such ideas or contrivances could, in capable hands, be developed into a fine art. Artists of the brush not infrequently model some portion of the subject of a contemplated picture, so that they may the more readily judge the effect of lighting from different directions, or to get truer ideas of light and shade with regard to modelling or contour, and the painter thus becomes



BUILT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED: AN AFFAIR OF TWIGS, GLASS, MODELS OF DEER, AND SO ON.

(See Illustrations in Supplement.) Photograph by F. R. Hinkins and Son.

doubly a picture-builder. In considering the varied aspects of picture-building, the photographer who is also an artist will naturally ruminate on its suitability or adaptability for the production of pictures by his favourite means. An outline of the procedure followed in producing the accompanying illustrations may therefore serve a useful purpose.

The Modus Operandi.

In preparing for picture-building, it is, as our French friends put it, only *le premier pas qui coûte*, but even so, the initial expense need be but trifling. Some sort of flat surface, other than a table-top, on which to “make a mess” is, of course, necessary, and a plain flat board of about an inch in thickness will do very well. Dimensions which for most purposes have been found by experience to be the most convenient are thirty inches long by twenty inches deep from front to back. At the back of this, and at the extreme ends, should be firmly fixed two narrow perpendicular pieces twenty inches in height, each grooved on the inner edge so that a card or glass background may be slid into position as required. These upright pieces should be strengthened by a narrow horizontal connecting piece screwed to them at the top. In addition to this, nothing more in the way of apparatus is required beyond one piece of stout ground-glass and a few sheets of grey or black cardboard, fitting as required into the grooved uprights for backgrounds. It is, of course, taken for granted that the picture-builder already possesses the necessary photographic equipment.

Picture-Builders' Materials.

For modelling-material, anything and almost everything may be used in one way or another, the sole object to be kept in mind being that the finished model, when viewed through an ordinary diminishing-glass from a distance of, say, about ten feet, should look like the real thing—at least, so far as modelling and light and shade are concerned. The materials used include clay, straw-board, old canisters and chocolate-boxes, cardboard of various colours and cut into

shapes of mountains or other backgrounds. For a rock-pool picture, seaweed and real fish can be used, and in another a model ibex, with rocks formed of Portland cement. For sea-shore pictures the materials are clinkers, pumice-stone, clay, glass, and wood. Water is represented by a sheet of cathedral glass, pine-trees by tapered twigs, with some heather-sprays affixed for branches and foliage, other trees and vegetation by dead heather, wire-grass, moss, and lichens. With picture-building generally the materials are here, there, and everywhere; everything we need is provided for us practically gratis; all we have to do is to select, and put the right thing in the right place.

Preliminary Sketch and Finished Picture.

Before commencing the actual building of a picture it is well in every case for the artist to make a fairly accurate sketch of the composition he has in mind, so that he may arrange his foundation masses roughly in position; but, as a painting sometimes grows under the artist's hand until it differs materially from his pre-conceived idea of it, so may a modelled picture develop in the building until at completion it is in many respects unlike the working sketch. As a matter of fact, this is almost invariably the case; for, as with a painting, it is not until it nears completion that the artist can see exactly what is needed to make his picture wholly satisfying. This much, however, is certain (and let those note it well who find life a bore), picture-building, which, in the space allotted to us, I have endeavoured to illustrate and describe, is an intensely



TABLE-TOP PHOTOGRAPHY: BUILDING A PICTURE FOR THE CAMERA.

(See Article and Illustrations on this Page, and Illustrations in Supplement.) Photograph by F. R. Hinkins and Son.



AN AFFAIR OF REAL FISH (PRESERVED), SEAWEEDS, IMITATION ROCKS, AND WATER: A MARINE SUBJECT.

This “picture,” built that it might be photographed, was made as follows: Seaweed; real fish (preserved and supported by hidden wires); imitation rocks. All arranged in a glass tank filled with water. Photographed through side of tank. Top light.

(See Illustrations in Supplement.) Photograph by F. R. Hinkins and Son.

fascinating occupation, and when rightly directed it not only leads to the production of things of beauty that are “a joy for ever,” but its successful accomplishment involves close contact with, and a painstaking study of, nature.

FRANK CUTTRISS.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Picking up Poets.

There is a pleasing pastime known to the Intellectuals as picking up poets. It is an occupation full of surprises, mystery, and charm. For, like those ingenious hunts for hidden objects which were organised by certain enterprising journals a few years ago, you never know where to look or in what unlikely spot your bard may lurk. Very few people have the reading habit nowadays, so that the chase for poets is restricted to a very limited circle—in fine, to those persons (chiefly high-browed ladies in white drawing-rooms) who have the leisure to read obscure publications. Sometimes a genuine singer may be plucked, quite innocent and fresh, from the Universities, but this is rare nowadays, for the younger generation turns its thoughts more towards mechanics than to the Muses. I do not fancy that modern undergraduates are much addicted to the writing of verse, but, strangely enough, the poet may sometimes be discovered in fourpenny doss-houses, tramping on the high road, or hammering nails in a joiner's shop. It is wonderful and incredible that such things should be, and fills us with amazement at the indestructible soul of man. And it is this effort towards intellectual expression which makes the Man—at any rate in our present phase—so absolutely different from the Woman of his class. The drabbed feminine tramp has yet to be discovered who can, like Mr. W. H. Davies, break out into rapturous song, fit to be included in any anthology of English verse. Nor in any sweated workshop where girls toil all day long at machines could you put your finger on a woman who could write a poem of the calibre of "Aphrodite at Leatherhead." Woman, it is certain, knows that her true function lies in a more important sphere still, for she has to create the man who is capable of this intellectual effort—in a word, to present her generation with the Poet.

Bachelor Women.

The other day a well-known London police magistrate laid down the amazing dictum that "all women who were unmarried were miserable." It is a proposition pleasing, no doubt, to the egoism of police magistrates and other male persons, but in the light of modern experience it does not bear that impress of dazzling veracity which convinces. As a matter of fact, many of the most cheerful people one knows are middle-aged spinsters, especially if they have a profession or occupation which interests them. For one thing, by avoiding matrimonial troubles and complications, they retain all their youthful illusions about the other sex. For them, Man is a tried and trusty knight, always hat in hand and ready to do them a service. Not having to come at close grips with him, they regard him as a sure and valuable ally who will sign certificates, take them to theatres, advise them about stocks and shares, find supper for them at evening parties—in short, perform all those services which hereditary instinct inclines us to ask of other people's brothers. And whereas the married woman of a few years' standing is often, when you know her well, a disillusioned

female with a grievance, this does not apply to the busy single women who fill the smoking and billiard rooms of ladies' clubs. For the spinster of to-day has done definitely with fancy-work and gossip, the fireside and the vicarious affection of her nephews and nieces. She is apt to have a life of her own, and if she has spirit, intelligence, and good-humour, a very varied, interesting, and amusing life at that.

The Ethics of Punch and Judy.

The other day a young friend of mine, achieving his seventh birthday, invited me to a party to celebrate the auspicious event. The entertainment—apart from a glorious tea—consisted of Punch and Judy, exceedingly well and realistically performed, with a perfectly adorable little dog Toby of blameless manners. It is many years since I sat out an entire performance of this classic drama, which is as sanguinary as a Greek or Elizabethan tragedy, but without the moral ending, the just retribution on the chief sinner with which all great tragedies end. Yet the brutality of the piece, the incessant cudgelling of Judy, the throwing of the baby out of the window, the hanging and thrusting into a coffin too small for him of the official charged with the arrest of Punch—all this roused the babies to ecstasies of mirth. What the grown-up guests could hardly look at made the joy of persons rising five. Fat hands were clapped when Punch beat Judy to a jelly; there were gurgles and cries of delight when he hoisted the unfortunate hangman on his own gallows. The scene which follows with the coffin made several strong men turn pale. I saw the military attaché of a Great Power quietly turn away; and a famous painter, who is no poltroon, declare that he "couldn't bear" it. There must be something in this primitive play which appeals to the instinctive in us—to some remnant of the cave-man which still lingers in all of us—for babies and small children, it is clear, take a singular, almost morbid, delight in witnessing its performance.



THE LATEST FROM PARIS: MODES DE PRINTEMPS.

From left to right the costumes shown are: 1. A tailor-made costume of banana-coloured face cloth, the coat hemmed up in two shades of brown. 2. A draped cashmere gown in periwinkle-blue silk. 3. An overall in black silk, with sash and revers of blue moiré. 4. A lemon moiré dress terminating in a deep band of russet-brown face cloth. 5. A charmeuse gown in pale mauve, draped in a panier effect.

What Shall We Do Now?

Owing to the excessive zeal and misplaced fanaticism of the Militants, there is no longer any doubt that the Suffrage question is becoming unpopular with the unreasoning crowd. Rowdiness is being met by rowdiness, and in a battle between roughs and medical students on one side, and earnest but somewhat frail young ladies on the other, the victory will not lie with the Suffragettes. But the Constitutional party by no means intend to give up the game. The question is, how are they to demonstrate? Some of us cannot afford to starve, nor have we time or inclination to struggle with bailiffs over our furniture, or burn for our faith at public meetings. The last idea is that we shall go to cathedral services and cry to heaven in chorus, in which case we should end at the police-station on a charge of brawling in a sacred edifice. The situation is a knotty one. Let someone solve it who can.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 27.

MONEY.

AT the time of writing, which is some days before these lines will appear, the stringency of the European Money Market is quite the most important factor with which the stock markets have to deal. At one time it was feared that the Berlin official rate of discount would be still further increased; but, happily, this has not materialised. Presumably the present high rate is considered sufficient to attract gold to that centre. Although no great quantity of bullion has been secured over here, it is understood that considerable quantities of gold have been secured from other quarters, and fancy rates have been paid in New York by Berlin for accommodation over the end of the quarter.

New York itself is short of cash, partly owing to the European stringency, and partly owing to the quantity of securities bought at the low prices ruling in Europe during the depression of the last few months.

Turning to the future, although the necessity of caution cannot be insisted upon too strongly, prospects are somewhat brighter, presuming, of course, a successful settlement of the Balkan affairs.

The end of the quarter will bring some relief; the payment of the dividends upon Indian and Government securities will release considerable sums, and the tax-gatherer to some extent will cease troubling. During the last few days we have heard of a meeting in London between important English, French, and German groups, where some large financial deals were arranged. If they had thought the present conditions even likely to get worse, they would hardly have troubled to arrange anything.

TWO AMERICAN BONDS.

Anyone requiring a sound $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent investment would do well to consider the First Mortgage Bonds of the New York Telephone Company, which can be purchased at a little under 98 $\frac{1}{2}$. The bonds bear interest at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., payable in May and October, and the yield, therefore, at to-day's price, allowing for accrued interest, works out at £4 12s. 6d., while the security is unimpeachable. There are £7,500,000 First and General Mortgage Bonds outstanding, which are marketable in New York, London, and Amsterdam, and interest charges are being earned nearly six times over.

The report for 1912 has just appeared, and shows very satisfactory results. Net earnings have increased by over two million dollars to 17,171,000 dols. Including all other sources of income, but deducting all interest charges, there was a surplus at the end of the year of about 15,500,000 dols. The dividend on the Ordinary stock, which is all held by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, remains at 8 per cent.; 2,000,000 dols. is placed to employees' benefit fund, a similar amount is allowed for bond discount and contingencies, and the balance, amounting to 14,666,000 dols., is carried forward.

The fact that this Company controls, directly and indirectly, over 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ million stations, against the National Telephone Company's figures over here of under 600,000, shows how widespread is the use of the telephone in America; the Company is well managed, its service efficient (which perhaps explains the figures we have just quoted!), and its bonds a very admirable investment.

Another American bond which is entitled to stand higher than at present is the Chicago and Western Indiana 4 per cent., standing at 94 $\frac{1}{2}$, and yielding $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. without allowing for redemption. This Company own a great deal of property in the centre of Chicago, which is leased and sub-leased for 999 years to nine different Railway Companies, including the Grand Trunk, Erie, Chicago and Eastern Illinois, etc.

The rentals received from these leases must always exceed the sum required to pay the fixed charges by 20 per cent. These facts in themselves would be sufficient to warrant a recommendation of the bonds, but we now understand that it is proposed to create a new mortgage of two hundred million dollars, in order to carry out various alterations and enlargements. This new issue will rank after the existing bonds, and their security will thereby be still further improved.

THE SAVOY HOTEL.

The management of this hotel has for many years been an object-lesson to some of its competitors: for instance, the maintenance of its profit in 1910, when the period of national mourning and two General Elections interfered with business, was an excellent performance. During the last year the coal strike affected profits to some extent, but the net revenue amounted to £178,287, compared with £177,970 for 1911, and £166,540 for 1910. Debenture and Mortgage interest absorbed £97,365, but £8900 was brought into the account, so the available balance was £89,200. Of this sum, £16,987 goes to special improvements, £17,700 was set aside for various sinking funds, £8500 goes to the general reserve, and £4900 for depreciation of machinery and doubtful debts.

The net profit thus amounted to £55,400, and it is proposed to maintain the Ordinary dividend at the rate of 5 per cent., and to carry forward £8800.

Altogether, the report must be considered as satisfactory, even if not quite so good as had been hoped.

THE GENERAL MINING AND FINANCE CORPORATION.

The dismal conditions which have prevailed in the South African market during the last year are reflected in the Report issued by this Company, which represents the Albu group of mines on the Rand. Net profits, it is true, amounted to £48,648, against £46,956 for the preceding year, and £20,147 was brought into the accounts; but it has been found necessary to write £62,841 off the book value of investments, leaving only £5954 to be dealt with. The whole of this sum is carried forward, and shares have again to go without a dividend. The directors mention that the valuation at which the investments stand in the balance-sheet is lower than the market values at the end of the year.

Until there is a general upward movement in this market it is difficult to see how the Corporation's position is going to improve very much, but against this must be set the fact that shares are held in a large number of promising Companies, such as Van Ryn and Meyer and Charlton.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Among the less "fashionable" Nigerian Tins, the Hausa Company appears to be worth some attention. The capital is £50,000, in 5s. shares, of which only 20,000 shares are issued, and all of these for cash. It will thus be seen that at the present price of 5s. 9d., the concern is capitalised at a very low figure. The engineer is a very capable man, and we understand that the Wernher-Beit group is interested, and are prepared to provide additional capital when required. The existence of alluvial containing 5 to 10 lb. of tin concentrates per cubic yard has been proved over considerable areas, and production may commence on a small scale in a month or so. Rumour has it that Edmund Davis proposes to interest himself in the shares, but this lacks confirmation.

The last report of the Official Receiver on the Bank of Egypt liquidation is rather more definite than any of the previous ones. Cash balances on Feb. 22 amounted to £78,084, subject to a few claims and contingent liabilities, which are not expected to exceed £20,000. With regard to the shareholders' position, it is hoped to be able to make an early distribution of some sort, and the opinion is expressed that, although it must take some time, it will probably be possible to repay at least the calls which have been made. Beyond this it is impossible to look with any certainty.

Although increased profits are shown for the year 1912, the directors of the Anglo-Continental Mines cannot be congratulated very much on the results achieved in that year. Apart from the scandal of the Jemaa lode, about which we are unlikely ever to hear the facts, the depreciation on investments amounted to £35,000 at the end of December, against a profit for the year of £31,000. It can hardly be counted sound finance, under such circumstances, to increase the dividend from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent., and to write nothing off investments, in the hope that they will recover when Mining Market conditions are more favourable.

Among recently issued Reports of Rubber Companies those of Batu Caves, Pataling, and General Ceylon Rubber and Tea Estates have all made excellent showings. All three have been recommended in these columns more than once during the last eighteen months, and we still look upon them as good purchases. Patalings are, perhaps, the pick of the bunch, and, in our opinion, are worth six or seven shillings more than their present quotation.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

He had searched in vain for the tea-room of his remembrance. It had vanished—of that he was certain, though of the precise address he felt less sure. However, there it was—or, to be more strictly correct, there it wasn't.

"Anything I can do for you, Sir?"—and the authorised clerk to his broker tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"Ah, how are you? I was looking for a tea-place I used to—"

"That's gone, Sir, to the regret of quite a lot of us. But perhaps you will take a cup of tea with me at another place?"

"You people not doing very much in the Stock Exchange, I suppose?" queried our always inquisitive friend.

"No, and not likely to until some time after Easter. What is there to make anyone feel at all commercial?"

Our Stroller confessed his inability to see. Another man came in and saluted the authorised clerk.

"Hullo, young fellow, wasting your time in riotous living?"

"Is that offering the stock?"—and he helped himself to a cake. "Thanks very much."

"Nothing doing in the House, so we came in," explained his friend to the small company at large. "Aha, that's right! Come and sit down next to me, that I may hold thy hand!"

Our Stroller settled himself to hear some real informative market talk.

"I won ten bob on the clock this morning——"

Our Stroller's host muttered quietly that the "clock" was a sort of roulette game popular in the House just now.

[Continued on page 358.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Easter.

The pre-Easter season finished last week; it proved very pleasant and quite sufficiently full. The interval now is short before we enter on the grand season, and young people, instead of being tired out, have had just enough to make them enthusiastic for more. The Opening of Parliament was, of course, stately and splendid, so far as the royal ceremony was concerned. Otherwise there was a great lack of interest in the proceeding. No reception on either side called for woman's social influence in the matter. I cannot remember any Opening, save when the nation was in deep mourning, when there was no reception previously. On Friday night last, Lady Newton made a début as a political hostess at her fine house in Belgrave Square, and was very successful. The Government side were not represented in the social doings of the week, save by a large dinner, given by Countess Beauchamp. It may be that the Outrages have alarmed Government hostesses. These national nuisances might play some of their



THE DRAWN MATCH BETWEEN THE SERVICES AT HOCKEY: THE NAVY TEAM.

The hockey match at Queen's Club on the 8th between officers of the Navy and the Army resulted in a draw, each side scoring two goals. The Navy's goals were both shot by the Rev. H. S. Crole-Rees. Lieutenant Willis did some fine goal-keeping. The names are, from left to right (back row), Chaplain H. S. Crole-Rees, Surgeon H. R. B. Hall, Lieut. A. V. Willis, Lieut. G. R. Bent, Mr. P. F. Wright (umpire). (Second row), Lieut. G. C. Wilkinson, Paymaster V. Webster, Lieut. A. M. Willoughby, Lieut. T. C. B. Harbottle, Lieut. F. A. Sommerville. (Front row), Lieut. H. Maltby, Lieut. E. Ling.

Photograph by Sport and General.

wicked pranks at a party. Many of them have friends quite in positions to receive cards for Government entertainments.

The Uninvited Guest.

Check, cheek, and once again, cheek—colossal and stupendous cheek—is a displeasing characteristic of the age. The man who goes up to a royal Duke and holds out his hand, a beaming smile illumining his countenance, secures the desired handshake in the presence of many because the royal Duke is a gentleman and the bouncer knows it, and presumes on it. The man who keeps "Duking" a nobleman of that rank succeeds in making the surrounding crowd believe that the Duke is his intimate. He does not hear the victim say, "Who on earth is that man calling me Duke all the time? I never saw him before in my life." Possibly, if he did hear, he would not mind, having attained his object. The colossally cheeky is also invulnerably pachydermatous. These things, and many more like them, have been suffered long in the regions known as Belgravia; Bethnal Green sees no reason why it should not have a turn round in a Mayfair ball-room, and appears as a guest at a dance. Poor Bethnal Green is all right for impudence; his supply is quite as plentiful as that of his West-End brother. What he lacks is knowledge; brown trousers and a black tie, in a ball-room, gave poor Bethnal Green away; while the person from the purlieus of Belgravia knew the rules and saw—through his monocle—with a supercilious smile, his Eastern imitator ejected. Women seldom do this thing: they may not be deficient in cheek, but they are in courage; they may penetrate to a cloak-room at a party, but have not the nerve to be announced and received without the moral support of an invitation.

For Spring Sunshine.

After the wear and tear of the winter, the house wants renovating and freshening; so every good housewife is intent on getting ready for the cheery sunshine that we hope is coming. Armed with Scrubb's Cloudy Fluid Ammonia, she stands without fear. It works its biennial miracle of rejuvenation trustily and well. Indeed, no woman who knows the ropes is ever without it,

whether on household active service or not.

Ireland's Pride. This, of course, is her linen. Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver have just published a "Green Book of Damask," which shows up the new designs of their beautiful damask table-linen. The sizes, prices, and shapes are given, so that it proves a reliable guide to purchasers. This book, which is quite a new departure in linen-lists, can be had, post free, by any reader of *The Sketch* on application to 40G, Donegall Place, Belfast.

Dodo Rediviva. We all talked Dodo in the late 'nineties; everyone knew on whom Dodo was modelled. It was small matter that the lady had never met the author, and that the author had not ever heard of the lady; everybody knew and everyone was saying it. Now Mr. E. F. Benson has resuscitated Dodo, and she began a career in the *Ladies' Field*, on March 1, and is running piquantly through those pages, to the breathless interest and great delight of the readers. The mystery of Dodo will be solved in "Dodo the Second," and there is the pleasure of reading Mr. E. F. Benson at his brightest as well.

A Going Club. There is a club in our town where there is always a great life, and which attracts many of the more Bohemian members of our aristocracy. Dancing is not exactly on the lines laid down at Buckingham Palace—Bunny-Hugs, Turkey-Trots, and Wiggle-Waggles are beloved of the habitués, who are of both sides of the footlights. It would astonish many members of the highest circles to see that Society is represented at the Club, not only by boys and girls, but by lookers-on. The club is a private one, and its tendencies are always merry and bright. So attractive does it prove that private dances fall on its supporters, and the manners of private life are considered prim and priggish, although they have, goodness knows, drifted far from the standard of even latest Victorian days.

An influential Committee has been formed, including many well-known gentlemen eminent in art, literature, and science, to promote a public testimonial to "Dick Donovan," author, traveller



CHAMPION ARMY RACQUET-PLAYERS: MR. A. H. MUIR AND MR. H. E. GROWSE (15TH SIKHS) WINNERS OF THE MILITARY DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP.

The final was played at Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, on the 8th. The 15th Sikhs pair beat the holders, the 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry, by four games to two.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



THE DRAWN MATCH BETWEEN THE SERVICES AT HOCKEY: THE ARMY TEAM.

The Army's two goals were shot by Mr. G. H. Wilmer and Mr. J. H. A. Ryan. The names are, from left to right (back row), A. F. H. Round (Essex), O. F. Orme (Sussex), C. W. Frizell (Berkshire), J. H. A. Ryan (King's). (Second row), R. E. Partridge (Dorset), R. Egerton (R.E.), G. K. Archibald (A.S.C.), A. G. Saulz (A.S.C.), G. H. Wilmer (Essex). (Front row), E. H. Fitzherbert (A.S.C.), F. V. C. Peretra (Suffolk). The names in brackets are those of the players' regiments.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

and lecturer. Subscriptions should be sent to Charles Harrison, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, The Equitable Life Assurance of the United States, Carlton House, 11, Regent Street, London, S.W., marked "The Dick Donovan Fund." He will duly acknowledge them.

Continued from page 356.]

"I'm told the Committee are going to stop the clocks," a broker remarked. "The idea is that it encourages clerks to gamble."

"So it does," agreed another. "Hard luck of mine over that Boat Race bet, wasn't it? The other chap said he thought I told him Cambridge, and, of course, I really said Oxford. At least, I meant to."

"Had he got it booked?"

"Oh, yes; he'd got it down all right, and I hadn't booked it at— All very well for you to laugh, but I swear I did say Oxford. At least, I meant to."

"I made more money over the Boat Race than I did all last account over jobbing," said a dealer.

"That needn't mean a vast amount," retorted his neighbour drily. "If you—"

Our Stroller began to wonder where and when the real informative talk was coming along, when his friend said, "They seem to think Home Rails will be good as soon as money becomes easier."

"That applies to everything in the place, surely?"

"To some markets more than others," was the answer. "The Deferred stocks are the favourites: Middy, Dover 'A,' Yorks, and Great Central Preferred."

"What are the chances of money getting cheaper?" asked Our Stroller.

It rather cooked the rabbit for the lot of them, apparently: nobody attempted to reply, anyway, and this, for a Stock Exchange crowd, was a little unusual.

"Won't the end of the war help matters?" continued Our Stroller.

They didn't exactly rush to answer that, either.

"What they're afraid of, Sir, is that the end of the war may bring about fresh trouble over division of the spoils."

"Seems to be trouble whichever way you look," commented our hero.

"These troubles have a happy knack of dissolving, all of a sudden, into thin air," said an optimist.

"And there's quite a decent-sized bear account," added another.

"Gadzooks!" exclaimed a third. "Won't there just be a rise when it *does* come!"

"Sometimes things buck up a bit on the eve of Easter, or other holidays."

"You're thinking about the New Year," he was told.

"No; but sometimes at Easter too," he persisted. "Especially in the Home Railway Market—on the bumper takes we always expect."

"Yes; and when they are published, down go prices again. All discounted. It is money—"

"Everybody seems to be talking about dear money," said Our Stroller to his broker later on, as they sat in the office. "I should have thought that there was more money in the country now than ever before."

"Probably there is; but with so many calls upon it—and you must remember how trade clamours for it—there isn't enough free capital to meet all the requirements, or anything like all of them."

"So ambitious schemes are handicapped, as I saw it put in a broker's circular lately, and the Stock Exchange suffers."

"That's about it. Our financiers have been 'thinking in continents'—I believe that's the proper phrase—and such a game is all very well when you've got the public with you."

"But if not—"

"As soon as confidence is alarmed—by dear money, a war scare, a revolution, or what-not—then all your beautiful schemes get hung up for want of fresh capital. The works have got to proceed somehow, and money is raised on terms so onerous—"

"Miss Robinson to see you, Sir"

"Right. Ask her into the next room, and say I will be with her in a minute. Calls herself a Suffragist," he went on, turning again to Our Stroller. "Oh, don't be alarmed—she's not a militant, she's a—"

But his client had disappeared like a flash of the greasiest lightning

Thursday, March 13, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ABERDEEN.—Market conditions are such that we hesitate to advise a sale, but as soon as conditions improve, we think you would be wise to exchange into the securities of some other country.

SINCERE.—You need not be anxious; we have little doubt that the bonds will recover to your price before many months are past. They are an excellent holding.

TAYA.—We will try and write a note on the subject in our next issue; the shares are sound.

W. W. (Paisley.) We think you have made a mistake, as we never heard of the gentleman before. Your best plan would be to ask one of the banks concerned for his references, but he doesn't seem to ask an exorbitant fee. We have returned your papers.

C. T. (1) Sell. (2) and (3) First-class bonds.

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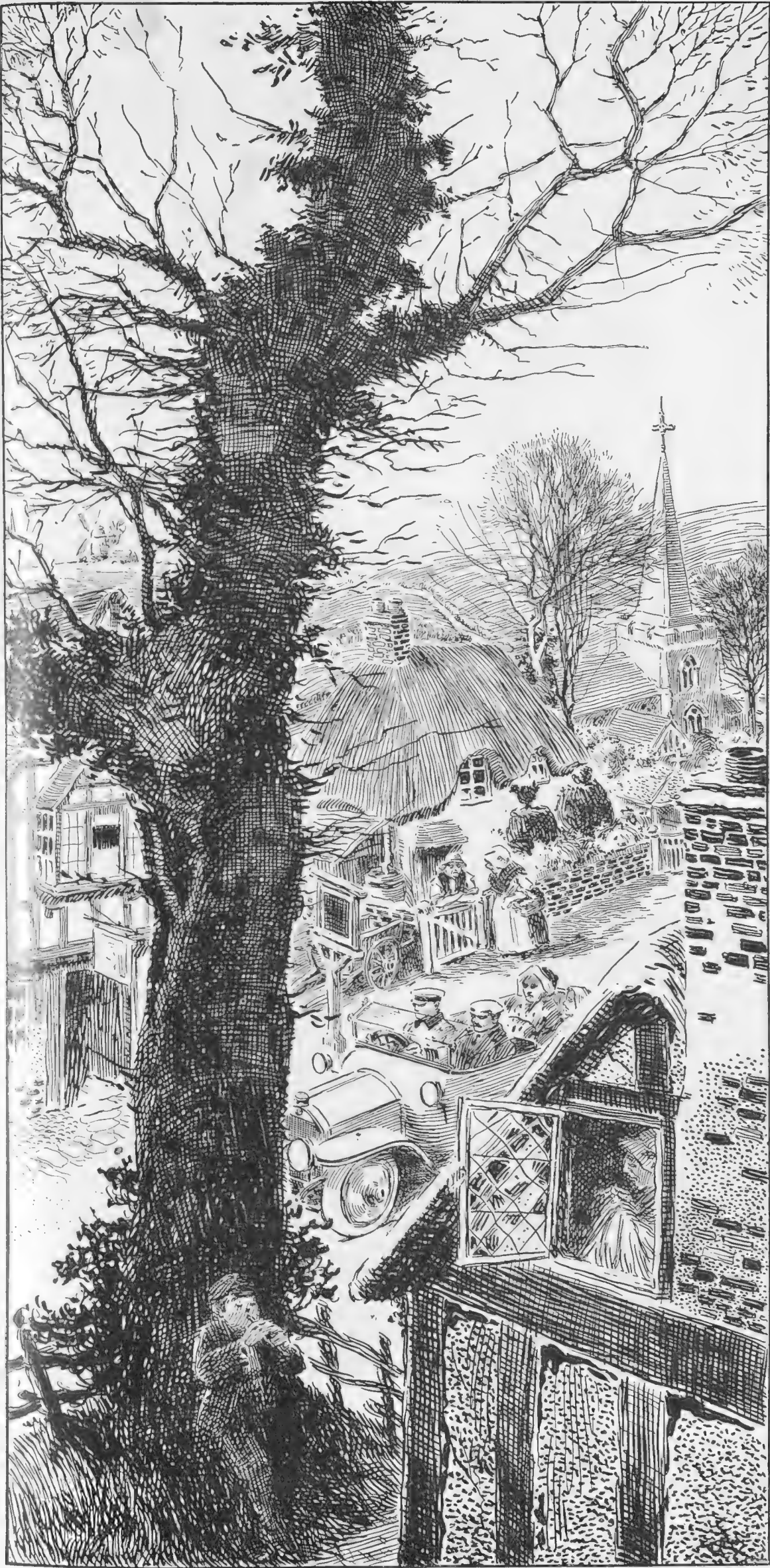
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From the sun
Through a chink
Twas begun
And the breeze
Whispered soft
To the trees
Far aloft
With a low muffled
humming
Spring's Coming!

And the bird
On the bough
Overheard
The soft vow
Then he leaped
(O rejoice!)
And cheep-cheep'd
While the voice
Of the zephyr
Went drumming
Spring's Coming!

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FURTHER MOTOR CAR TYPES. No. 16.—The Leader Motor Cab.

Although the first motor-cabs were plying for hire ten years before the Leader cab made its appearance, they had not by 1907 become familiar features of the streets. Indeed, a ride in a taxi-cab was still something of an adventure, an incident of the day worth retelling to the family circle. Practically speaking, the ten years had been an interregnum, the early cabs of the electric type having been a failure. But if the motor-cab industry had been stagnant, the same could not be said of motoring generally, especially the sporting department. The year 1907 witnessed a plethora of 24-hour events, of which the most outstanding is, and always will be, Mr. S. F. Edge's 24-hour record at Brooklands track. In this Mr. Edge averaged nearly 66 miles an hour for the whole time, and for this stupendous task he selected Dunlop tyres as the ones most likely to give him speed plus reliability. Since then many of the intermediate records have been beaten, notably by the Sunbeam car. In establishing a new 1000-miles record last September the Sunbeam was fitted with Dunlops, and for the whole of this four-fold mileage there was no tyre trouble. It is obvious, therefore, that the

DUNLOP

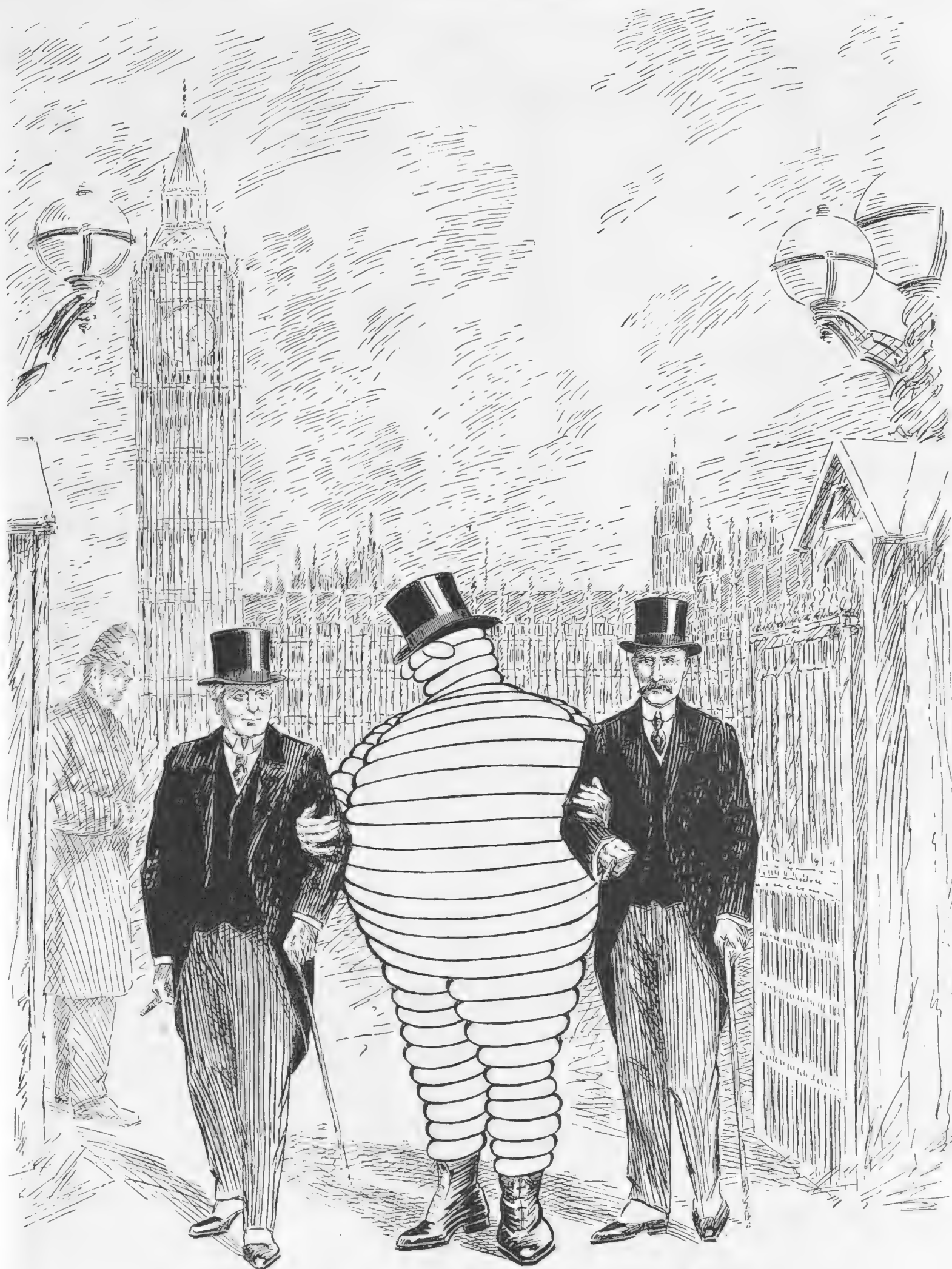
keeps up its high reputation, first established in 1888.

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Sleeplessness, Nervous Breakdown—

Mr. H. Grindell Matthews (the Inventor of Wireless Telephony, as demonstrated to Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace) writes:—"I suffered from nervous breakdowns, sleeplessness, fatigue, and a tendency to *work irregularly*, until I discovered what an excellent corrective Phosferine is of such troublesome conditions. The tonic is a first-rate antidote for dejection, and I make a practice of taking it regularly, as I find it immediately renews the strength of my nerves and exercises a stimulating effect on the whole of the nervous system."

No other medicine has received such absolute proof of its extraordinary properties in restoring Shattered Constitutions, and in giving back to the prematurely aged New Life and Energy.

CAUTION

There is only one Phosferine—beware of illegal imitations—do not be misled by **PHOSPH THIS** or **PHOSPH THAT**, but get

PHOSFERINE



THE REMEDY OF KINGS

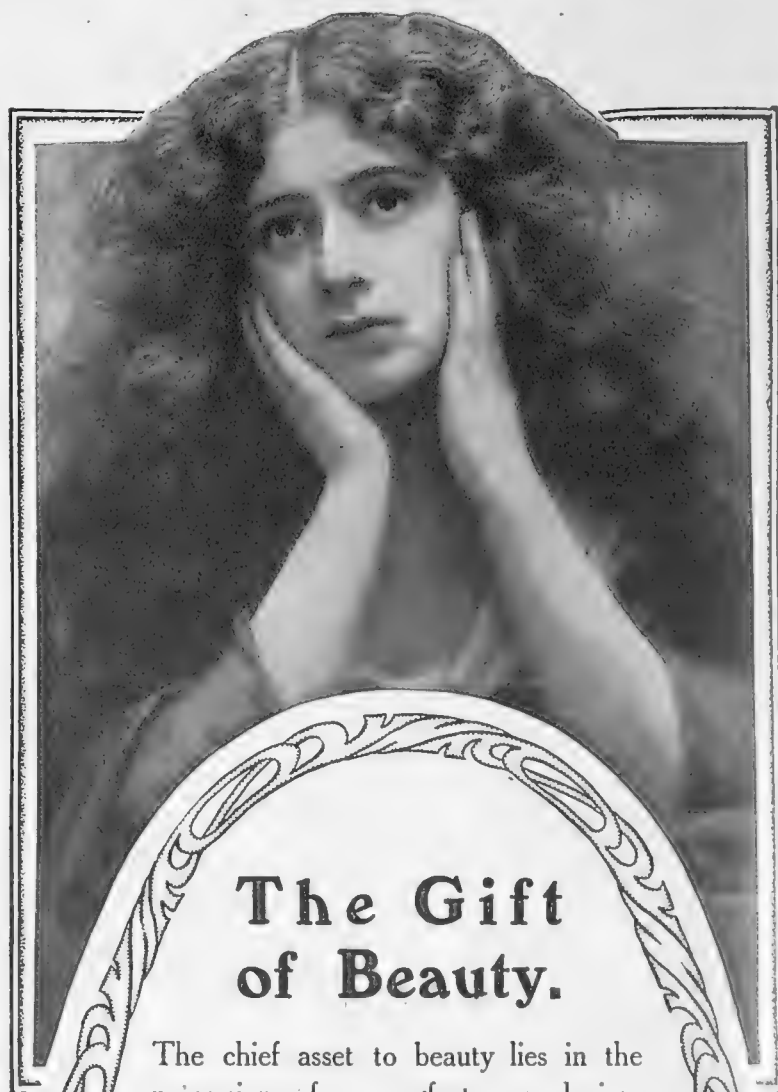
Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands



To the Royal Family
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Spain

H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania, &c.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.



The Gift of Beauty.

The chief asset to beauty lies in the possession of a perfect complexion. This, of course, can only be obtained by means of a reliable toilet cream. Beetham's La-rola is a toilet cream of world-renown and is indispensable to those desiring a perfect complexion. It whitens the skin and gives to the cheeks the soft, delicate bloom of the ripened peach. It quickly dispels all signs of roughness, redness, and chaps, and is excellent for use in hard water. Buy it from your chemist to-day—you can obtain it in 1/- and 2/6 bottles.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

SPECIAL OFFER.—We will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of La-rola, Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, &c. Send 3d. to Dept. S.

**M. Beetham & Son,
Cheltenham.**

SELLS



ARE YOUR TYRE BILLS EXCESSIVE ?

Maximum Mileage at Minimum Cost

GOODYEAR TYRES ARE UNIVERSALLY RECOGNISED AS THE LEADERS IN THE MOTORING WORLD.

Our output for 1912 reached 918,687 tyres, which far exceeded the output for the previous twelve years put together.

An overwhelming number of prospective sales compels us to estimate our 1913 output at 2,000,000 tyres. Such increases are irresistible and prove that Goodyear tyres are the best.

More Mileage

Fourteen years' close study by our experts has resulted in the production of this famous Goodyear tyre.

It gives a *GREATER MILEAGE AND MORE EFFICIENT SERVICE* than any other make of tyre on the market.

This is the verdict of men—250,000 users—who are carefully measuring tyre mileage and keeping accurate track of tyre cost.

"Distinctive Features"

Exclusive patents and features make Goodyear a *DISTINCTIVE TYRE*.

These features—including the "NO-RIM-CUT" (*Straight-Side Type*) 10 per cent. *OVERSIZE*—the wonderful Rubber Non-Skid—the double cure process—and the patented fabric breaker strip—will be explained in our coming educational advertising campaign.

Tyre Economy

We will point out to the motorist that to use *GOODYEAR TYRES MEANS ECONOMY*—an actual saving of pounds, shillings and pence.

Every motorist, in this age of odometers, makes a deep study of tyre economics.

Thousands of them have proved that Goodyear tyres have met with their idea of tyre perfection.

Follow in the wake of these users in every part of the globe, if you are at all interested, and by *ACTUAL USE* prove to your own satisfaction that our tyres actually save you money.

TEST THEM AGAINST THE MILEAGE ON YOUR SPEEDOMETER.

Wonderful Growth

Our wonderful growth proves success. Sales during 1910 and 1911 increased 500 per cent.

They doubled six times in three years, and to keep pace with this ever-increasing, overwhelming demand, has necessitated constant additions to Goodyear plants.

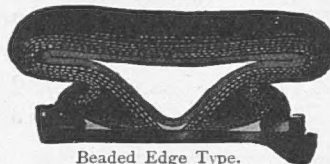
The present output capacity is 8000 tyres per day.

Our factories are open day and night to allow us to cope with the enormous demand

Call at our London office for a demonstration or write us for full particulars.

"No-Rim-Cut" (*Straight-Side Type*) 10% Oversize

"No-Rim-Cut" Superiority Before the invention of "No-Rim-Cut" (*Straight-Side Type*) tyres—our patent type of tyre—there was made the beaded edge type, which is the hooked-base tyre in first picture. With this type of tyre, the rim flanges must be set to curve inwards. They must grasp the hooks in the tyre base, for this is what holds the tyre on.



Beaded Edge Type.

When the beaded edge type of tyre is run wholly or partly deflated, these curved-in rim flanges dig into the tyre. When the tyre is punctured, the frequent result is to wreck the tyre in a moment. The same result occurs when tyres of this kind are run with too little inflation. This type of tyre is really a relic of the old bicycle days, when rim-cutting did not figure. It is still retained by motor-car tyre manufacturers only for lack of some feasible way to displace it.

That way came when the Goodyear inventors brought out the

"No-Rim-Cut"

(*Straight-Side Type*) Tyre

This type of tyre has a hookless base. It does not, like the beaded edge type, need to hook on to the rim.

The "No-Rim-Cut" (*"Straight-Side Type"*) type of tyre has six flat bands of 126 braided wires vulcanised into the tyre base. These bands make the tyre base unstretchable, nothing can force the tyre over the rim

flange. When the tyre is inflated, it is held to the rim by an average pressure of 134 pounds to the inch. So your removable rim flanges, when you use this type, are set to curve outwards



"No-Rim-Cut" (*Straight-Side Type*) 10 per cent. Oversize.

instead of inward. There is no changing of rim if you have any standard type of detachable rim. You simply fit the removable flanges from one side to the other, so the rounded sides come next to the tyre. If your car is equipped with ordinary one-piece rims the expense of changing over to detachable rims is slight. When this tyre is run soft, or completely deflated, the tyre comes against a rounded edge, and rim-cutting is made impossible. It has never occurred, and can never occur, on any "No-Rim-Cut" (*Straight-Side Type*) tyre.

The argument is accepted by tens of thousands of motorists who emphatically declare that repair bills are considerably reduced.

10 per cent. Oversize "No-Rim-Cut" (*Straight-Side Type*) tyres are 10 per cent. oversize. Their construction allows, without any skimping of quality, for 10 per cent. more air than other tyres of the same rated size.

More air means added carrying capacity. It saves the bursts due to overloading. 10 per cent. *OVERSIZE MEANS 25 per cent. ADDED TO YOUR TYRE MILEAGE.*

Write us for Price List, Dept. H. Let us have particulars of your cars—rims, etc.—on attached coupon, and we will send full information.

The GOODYEAR TYRE & RUBBER CO.
(Great Britain) LTD.,
CENTRAL HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.

FACTORIES: Bowmanville—Canada. Akron, Ohio—U.S.A. Rio de Janeiro—Brazil.
Branches and Stockists everywhere.

Please send me particulars of your tyres.
Name of Car
Type of Rim
Weight of Car
Name and Address

Important Private Sale of Costly Antique and Modern FURNITURE AND EFFECTS

Formerly the Properties of

THE LATE ADMIRAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE HAY, BART., G.C.B.
Removed from 108, St. George's Square, S.W.

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THE LATE MRS. ELLEN PENN.
Removed from The Cedars, Belmont Hill, Lee, S.E.
AND OTHERS.

An Illustrated Catalogue of Valuable Modern, Antique, and Oriental Furniture and Effects will be sent free on application.

Any articles will be separated, may be selected at once, and delivered in Town or Country, shipped for Abroad, OR COULD REMAIN STORED FREE TILL REQUIRED.

PAYMENT WHEN DELIVERED.

A MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION, Comprising:

THIRTY-SEVEN COMPLETE BEDROOMS,

Including the following Lots:—

8 Solid Well-made Bedroom Suites, with Wardrobe, &c., complete, at £ 17 0

8 Single size Oak Bedsteads, complete, at 0 15 0

6 Well-made Solid Oak Bedroom Suites, complete, at 4 17 6

4 Large Single Bedsteads to match, at 1 2 0

4 Well-made Solid Walnut Bedroom Suites, complete, at 5 5 0

4 Splendid Full-size Black and Brass Mounted Bedsteads, complete with Bedding (unsold), at 2 17 6

3 Very Handsome Design White Enamel Bedroom Suites, of Louis XIV. style, at 7 15 0

3 White Enamel Bedsteads to match, at 1 15 0

4 Well-made Large Solid Oak Bedroom Suites, at 6 15 0

4 Solid Oak Full-size Bedsteads to match, with patent Wire Spring Mattress, complete, at 2 10 0

4 Very Artistic Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suites, at 7 15 0

2 Pair of 3 ft. Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedsteads to match, at 2 5 0

3 Artistic Large Solid Walnut Bedroom Suites, at 0 15 0

3 Massive Polished Brass and Black Bedsteads, with Fine Quality Spring Mattress, at 3 17 6

2 Fine Old English Gent's Wardrobes, fitted Sliding Trays and Drawers, at 7 15 0

2 Solid Oak ditto, at 5 15 0

Large Spanish Mahogany Wardrobe, fitted with Drawers, Trays, &c., at 9 15 0

3 Fine Solid Oak Chests of Drawers at 2 5 0

2 Exceptionally Well-made Bedroom Suites in Solid American Walnut at 12 10 0

2 Very Elegant Bedroom Suites, with 5 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe, at 14 14 0

2 Very Handsome Bedsteads to match at 3 3 0

Very Choice Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite, at 11 15 0

Elaborate all Brass Sheraton Style Bedstead, with superior Spring Mattress and Bedding, complete, at 4 10 0

Choice Chippendale Design Bedroom Suite, at 12 12 0

Chippendale Design Bedstead to match Queen Anne Design Solid Mahogany Bedroom Suite, at 16 18 6

All Brass Full-size Bedstead, with Superior Spring Mattress, at 3 5 0

Very Choice Adams Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. wide Wardrobe, at 19 19 0

Massive Square Pillar Brass Bedstead, with Bedding all complete, at 5 15 0

Costly Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite, at 32 0 0

Very Fine all Brass Bedstead, Fitted Superior Spring Mattress, at 5 10 0

Costly Inlaid Satin Wood Bedroom Suite, at 35 0 0

Panelled Satin Wood Bedstead to match Very Magnificent "Empire" Design Bedroom Suite, at 65 0 0

Very Magnificent Italian Brass Bedstead, with Superior Spring Mattress, at 18 18 0

Uncoloured Kingwood and Satin Wood Bedroom Suite, at 145 0 0

Kingwood and Satin Wood Bedstead to match, at 15 0 0

DINING ROOMS, SMOKING ROOMS, & LIBRARIES.

Fine Quality Real Turkey Carpet, about 9 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. 6 in., at 5 10 0

Massive Carved Oak Sideboard, at 6 10 0

Overmantel Frieze to match, at 2 17 0

Extending Dining Table to match, at 2 15 0

2 Elegantly Carved Arm Chairs and 6 Small ditto to match, at 7 7 0

Set of 6 Small and 2 Arm Chairs of Hepplewhite Design, exquisitely Carved, at 18 18 0

Hepplewhite Design Sideboard, at 10 10 0

Ditto, Dining Table, extending, at 4 15 0

Handsome Bookcase, at 3 15 0

Choice Dessert Service of 18 pieces, Cobalt Blue and Gold, at 1 15 0

Very Fine Grand Piano, at 25 0 0

Music Ottoman forming Cabinet, at 1 7 6

Costly Bronze and Marble Clock with Side Pieces, at 7 7 0

Valuable Set of Crystal Table Glass, about 100 pieces, at 4 15 0

Turkey Pattern Axminster Pile Carpet, about 9 ft. by 12 ft., at 3 17 6

Turkey Pattern Rug to match, at 0 10 0

Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table, at 4 4 0

Queen Anne Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small ditto, at 7 15 0

3 ft. 6 in. wide Bookcase and Bureau Writing Desk, combined, very choice, at 12 12 0

Luxurious Chesterfield Settee, at 3 15 0

2 Luxurious Lounge Easy Chairs to match, at 1 10 0

Exceptionally Fine Collection of Valuable Black Oak Dining Room Furniture, elaborately carved with Figures, Fruit, Flowers, &c., comprising Nine-piece Leather-covered Suite, at 18 18 0

Sideboard to match, originally costing 50 guineas, at 18 18 0

Dinner Wagon to match ditto, at 8 8 0

Dining Table, with Extra Leaves to match, at 10 10 0

Magnificently Carved Grandfather Clock to match, at 18 10 0

And many other items too numerous to mention here.

DRAWING ROOM AND ANTE ROOMS.

Very Elegant Design Large Axminster Bordered Carpet, about 11 ft. 6 in. wide and 15 ft. long, at 8 15 0

Natural Shape Brown Bear, mounted as Rug (shot by owner), at 2 15 0

Elegant Natural Shape White Polar Bear, mounted as Rug (shot by owner), at 9 15 0

The Costly Chesterfield Silk Suite, a Design rarely seen, very magnificent, at 27 10 0

4 Gilt Louis XIV. Cane Seat Occasional Chairs, at 1 7 6

Very Elaborate Louis XIV. Style Cabinet, about 8 ft. 6 in. high, a perfect work of art (worth over treble), at 16 16 0

The Overmantel Frieze to match, at 4 4 0

The Choice Centre Table to match, at 3 15 0

Medieval Model Upright Grand Piano, by Stanley Brinsmead, with every possible up-to-date improvement, scarcely soiled, a grand instrument, at 18 18 0

Very Fine Cabinet Ottoman Seat to match Piano, fitted Bevelled Plate-Glass Front and covered rich Broché Silk, at 2 10 0

The Polished All-Brass Fender Suite, comprising Choice Design Fender with Fire-Dogs, set Heavy Fire Implements and Stop, at 1 15 0

Fire Screen, Polished Brass, uncommon design, at 0 12 0

All Polished Brass Coal Receptacle and Coal Pincers, at 0 12 0

Pair Handsome Gilt Florentine Frame Mirrors, fitted with Bevelled Plates, at 0 18 0

Pair Gilt Frame Girandoles, with Arms for Candles, at 1 9 6

The Satin Wood Decorated China Cabinet, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, very beautiful design, at 14 14 0

Satin Wood Decorated Centre Table, at 2 15 6

Satin Wood Decorated Overmantel to match, at 3 15 0

The Costly Satin Wood Decorated Suite, comprising very original design Settee, 2 Square Easy Chairs, and 4 Occasional, all finely spring upholstered and covered choice brocade Gobelin blue Silk, at 14 14 0

Satin Wood Decorated French Timepiece, at 2 2 0

Costly Louis XV. Design All Brass Fender Suite, comprising magnificent chased Curb, with elaborately chased standard supports. Set of Implements to match with Centre Stop, and a very fine Folding Screen, in suite, complete, at 8 15 0

Pair of Louis XV. Carved and Gilt Settees, elegantly carved and upholstered with covering of Parisian Broché Silk, at 9 9 0

Pair of Louis XV. carved and Gilt Fauteuils to match, at per Fauteuil 4 10 0

Pair of Companion ditto, at 4 10 0

6 Louis XV. Occasional Chairs to match, at 2 5 0

2 Louis XV. Gilt Bergère Chairs, carved with foliage and splendidly upholstered in Broché Silk and gold tissue, at 12 12 0

SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE.

The Very Elaborate Polished Oak Canteen, by Carter, containing Cutlery by Mappin and Webb, at 10 10 0

Large Handsome Punch or Claret Pot, with Revolving Top, at 5 5 0

2 Pairs of 10 in. Candelsticks, at 1 5 0

Magnificent Plated Rose Bowl, with Exquisitely Chased Borders of Vine Leaves, &c., on Ebony Plinth, at 10 10 0

Full-length Salmon Dish, with Strainer, &c., complete, at 8 8 0

2 Pairs of Fine Old Sheffield Entree Dishes, at 6 6 0

2 Round Trays, 16 in., at 1 7 6

4 Dozen Plated Soup Plates, at 0 6 6

Very Pretty Design and Heavily Chased Salver, 15 in., at 1 15 0

Pierced Side Tray, 24 in. by 16 in., at 2 17 6

Tea Urn 22 in. high, at 2 10 0

Tea Kettle, on Stand, at 3 10 0

Also Bed and Table Linen, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, &c.

SEND FOR COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (S), Now Ready. Free on Application.

THE FURNITURE AND FINE-ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.,

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(Few minutes from Highbury Station, North London Railway, and Great Northern and City Tube.)

Business hours: Open every day, 9 till 9, excepting Saturdays, when we close at 1.

Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and

By Royal Appointment

Grand Prix and Gold Medals,



Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.

to H.M. the King of Spain.

International Exhibition, Rome, 1912

IMPORTANT NOTICE—Special attention is drawn to the fact that we have NO BRANCH DEPOSITORIES WHATEVER, neither is anyone entitled to represent themselves as being connected with us in any way.



(By Appointment.)

DISTINCTIVE BLOUSES at Marshall's

THE most delightful models are to be seen in this spacious daylight department on the first floor. It would be of little avail to select one for illustration, but five minutes in this attractive showroom will reveal many exclusive designs for early Spring wear which will appeal specially to the well-dressed woman.

The NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE Posted Free on Request.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

DRAPERS AND COURT DRESSMAKERS
Vere Street and Oxford Street, London, W.

Be Pretty

The first requisite is—a good complexion. Give a woman a smooth, clear skin and a bright colour, and everyone will say "she is pretty."

But—prettiness is impossible—yes! skin health is impossible—if you use common soaps.

For common soaps—all of them—the costly, the delicately perfumed, the highly recommended—contain Raw Alkali—"The Beauty Thief."

Raw Alkali steals the freshness of your complexion by destroying the natural oils of your skin.

Raw Alkali weakens the under skin—dries out the outer skin. Your colour fades. Wrinkles come. Age creeps on.

All this is chargeable to Raw Alkali.

But you can protect your skin. Your youthful bloom can be preserved.

PALMOLIVE improves any complexion.

For—PALMOLIVE contains no Raw Alkali.

PALMOLIVE is made from Palm Oil and Olive Oil—perfectly blended and saponified. This means a perfect skin-food—a beautifier as well as a cleanser.

While you bathe with PALMOLIVE your skin absorbs nourishment from it.

PALMOLIVE

Its cool green colour is the natural result of the blending of the pure vegetable oils from which it is manufactured.

It smells clean, fragrant, and wholesome. It is a solid cake of pure soap.

It lathers freely, quickly, and easily—a rich, cream-like lather that makes any water pleasant to your skin.

It took years to perfect PALMOLIVE.

To-day it is the only perfectly blended skin food and cleanser.

No price can buy another soap as good.

Yet PALMOLIVE costs only 6d. for a large cake.

Buy it from your chemist, or, if he does not stock it, forward us your name and address and six penny stamps, and we will send you a cake post free. If you would like to try PALMOLIVE before buying, we will send you a liberal sample free on request. Do not expose your skin to the Raw Alkali in common soaps, but use only PALMOLIVE.

Write us at once, and address your communication to—

The B. J. Johnson Soap Co.,
124, Holborn, London, E.C.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.'s Successful Treatment. Free Trial Offered.

SO many ladies still try to eradicate superfluous hair by means of depilatories that it seems advisable once again to draw attention to the futility of such endeavours.

Money spent on depilatories is money wasted. The ointment, or whatever it is, burns off the visible hair and leaves the *invisible* root untouched. While the root remains the mischief remains. In a few days the hair grows again, just a little coarser and a little more noticeable than before. And so it goes on—a face free from superfluous hair one week, and spoiled by its presence the next week.

The only permanently successful treatment is Pomeroy Expert Electrolysis. This Treatment is always successful. Each hair is removed separately, and the root and papilla entirely destroyed. There can be no further growth from any hair root treated. The Treatment is given under pleasant, hygienic surroundings, by skilful operators, and is by no means an experience to be dreaded. Just to prove this you are offered a

FREE TRIAL SITTING POMEROY ELECTROLYSIS

At the sitting Five Superfluous Hairs will be removed and advice given gratis. Write Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., 29, Old Bond Street, London, W., for an appointment.

Dresses Cleaned by Achille Serre look as fresh and dainty as when new.



Discriminating people have long recognised the name **ACHILLE SERRE** as representing all that is best in Cleaning and Dyeing. Perfect results—only four days taken to execute orders—moderate prices. These are advantages offered by Achille Serre alone.

Write for Price List and address of nearest Branch or Agent.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Hackney Wick, London.

20

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

The Best Nightcap.

Before retiring take a cup of the "ALLENBURYS" DIET which induces restful sleep and nourishes the system. Affords an excellent light repast and is preferable to all alcoholic stimulants. Prepared from rich milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form.

Made in a minute—add boiling water only.

Send 3d. stamps for large sample.

Of Chemists
1/6 and 3/-
per tin.



D.8. ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard St., London.

*"Grossir c'est souffrir
Maigrir c'est Rajeunir."*

It is necessary when seeking for an antidote to Obesity to obtain one which has medical opinion in its favour and scientific experience behind its preparation. Of such a nature is Dr. Deschamp's Iodhyrine, which has been officially tested in French hospitals with perfect success, and has won golden opinions from eminent Practitioners. No skin-sagging results from its use and the diet is not restricted.

For proof of the above statements read the Iodhyrine Book, sent gratis to any applicant.

Dr. DESCHAMP'S

IODHYRINE

is obtainable at 10s. per box of 60 Cachets (a complete month's treatment) from

Roberts and Co., 76, New Bond St.; Army and Navy Stores (London and India); Whiteley's; Selfridge's; Barker's; Harrod's; Junior Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores; Spiers and Pond; Boots, Ltd.; or Laboratories du Dr. Deschamp's, 7, Rue Jadin, Paris,

and at 61, New Oxford Street, London.

The interesting Booklet on Obesity can be obtained from the last-mentioned address.

126,000 Cures Abroad for RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, And all Kindred Ailments.

The late Dr. Jules Fromberg was famous for a Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis, etc., he specially prepared for the most eminent Europeans. The "Fromberg Formula" was highly recommended by the leading Physicians of Paris and Brussels. The cures it effected were long the theme of discussion in all sections of Continental Society. This Fromberg Formula has now become the property of Proprietors who have arranged for it to be placed at the service of the general public, and is known as

Dr. FROMBERG'S "JOINT" PREPARATION.

A famous and effectual remedy for Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all complaints treatable externally, such as Sciatica, Pleurisy, Lumbago, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Aching Joints, Stiff Neck, Sore Throat, Cold on Chest, Hard Muscles of Athletes, etc., etc. Obtainable at all the best Chemists, in one size large officially sealed jar, price 4s. 6d., or post free on receipt of P.O. 4s. 7½d. (Colonies 2d. extra) from

THE MIDLAND DRUG CO. (Dept. 6), NOTTINGHAM.

SPECIAL OFFER.—On mentioning *The Sketch* we will send trial box post free on receipt of postal order 1/-.

Lost Vitality Restored.

If you are 'run-down' and 'out of sorts' and your vitality is at a low ebb—let Wincarnis (the wine of life) give you new health, new vigour, new vitality, and new life. Over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.' All Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers and Chemists sell it. Will you try just one bottle?



THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The Terms of the 1913 Tourist Trophy.

Since I adumbrated the possibility of a road race in the Isle of Man in a foregoing note, the rumour has become a certainty—at least, so far as the goodwill and intentions of the Royal Automobile Club are concerned. The Tourist Trophy of 1913 is now definitely to be competed for on Thursday, Sept. 25, over eight laps of a Manxland course—equalling 300 miles. The race will be for four-cylinder stock cars, the bore and stroke of whose engines shall not exceed in either particular 90 mm. (3.543 in.) and 140 mm. (5.512 in.), respectively. By the term "stock car" is meant a chassis of standard touring design and construction, which has been shown and specified in the manufacturer's or agent's catalogue published prior to Feb. 17 last. The minimum weight is to be 2000 lb., or, to make it more graspable to those who visualise weights by the familiar ton of coals—17 cwt. 3 qrs. 12 lb. The weight means the car ready for the race, complete with driver, mechanic, oil, water, tools, spare-wheels, rims and tyres. The body, which must not be less than 40 in. in width, must seat two people, and must not be less than 20 in. from the top of the frame. Indeed, in every respect, except the actual adjustment of the carburetter, the chassis must be as sold to the public.

Body Noises.

The shrinkage of wood used in the construction of motor bodies and subjected to changes of temperature is responsible for much of the creaking and rattle which develops in so many bodies after several months of use. And while there is nothing so irritating to a motorist as body noises, it is almost impossible to cure them once they have occurred. In most cases, as suggested, they are due to the shrinkage and torsion of the wood-framing, and the only way to avoid this annoyance is to be sure that the body-maker uses only the best qualities of the most perfectly seasoned wood. The Cunard Motor and Carriage Company, Ltd., who have so rapidly come to the front as tasteful designers and builders of motor-car bodies, draw attention to the question of suitable lumber by recounting the effect of certain tests to which they lately submitted some wood offered them. A door pillar was cut from the sample plank and put on the scales. It weighed 10 lb. 1½ oz. After a week in an even temperature of 85 deg. Fahr., it was found to be 9 lb. 13 oz.; a week later, 9 lb. 9¼ oz.; and in still another week, 9 lb. 9 oz. In three weeks it had given up no less than 8½ oz. of moisture, although when first submitted it looked

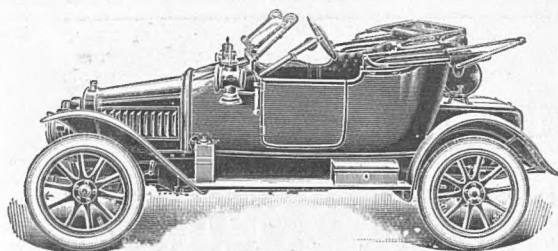
perfectly seasoned. Now this wood built into a body would have been fully provocative of creaking in a very short time.

What Price Spares?

Intending purchasers of motor-cars, particularly if they contemplate a vehicle coming from the Continent, should, amongst other things, make careful inquiry into the cost of any spares they are likely to require if they retain possession of the car for a reasonable length of time. One does not expect to have to purchase crank-shafts or camshafts, but it is not beyond the region of the possible that it may be necessary to purchase valves, valve-springs, gear-wheels, brake-shoes, or any other small fry of the road. Some of our Continental friends, or their agents in this country, make most preposterous charges for all spare parts, insomuch that, in the case of two or three quite popular makes, several firms of automobile engineers in this country are prepared actually to make single parts at a third of the price asked by the makers or agents. I have said that crank-shafts are an unusual item, but I read only the other day of an unhappy wight who, having purchased a French two-cylinder car three years old for some forty or fifty pounds, and finding he wanted a new crank-shaft, was actually charged twenty-one pounds for the equivalent of what, on a Yankee car, would stand at little more than the same number of shillings.

Benzol May Win Through.

Judging by the Report of Mr. W. J. A. Butterfield on the Del Monte process of coal-distillation, it would appear that Benzol may yet prove a mighty opponent to much-burdened petrol. The value of the system resides in the large increase of the yield of motor-spirit over the existing recovery coke-oven methods, by which only from 1 to 1½ gallons are recovered from the ton, while under Del Monte persuasion, 3 to 10, or on an average, 5 gallons per ton are rendered up. And this is done at a temperature of 800 deg. Fahr., in lieu of 2000 deg., as in the case of the coke-oven process. Because certain sceptics asserted that this was impossible, the *Westminster Gazette* commissioned Mr. Butterfield to make careful tests of the process in proof. It is from the use of Scotch cannel, however, that the surprise has come. This kind of coal, which at one time was largely used by gas-works, has now greatly fallen in value; and these conditions, combined with the fact that by the suitable "cracking" of the heavier oils resulting twenty gallons of benzol should be recovered from the ton, look like putting this process on an eminently paying basis. And thereafter the residual coke and other things are of considerable value.



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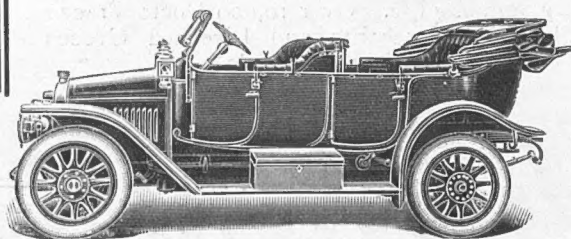
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